UG. 17.
1940

Liberty

5¢

MORE SECRETS OF MUSSOLINI'S LOVE LIFE

A PROGRAM for NATIONAL DEFENSE by GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD

Gordon's has the Advantage of Liqueur Quality & High Proof, 94.4

Select the gin that is recognized for certain definite advantages. For all gins are not alike. In Gordon's you have the advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4. This means richer flavor, velvety smoothness, drinks that never taste thin.

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain • Copyright 1939, Gordon's Dry Gin Company, Ltd., Linden, New Jersey

DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH

Gordon's Gin

You'll be surprised at today's low price on our finest "G-3" All-Weather!

IF you've been expecting to pay more for safe tires because of rising raw material costs, listen to this. Today Goodyear's world-famous "G-3" All-Weather is not only priced amazingly low—but at this low figure you get the sturdiest, safest, longest-wearing "G-3" that ever rolled the road! To sell this better tire at prices in keeping with today's pinched incomes, Goodyear streamlined every operation . . . installed the newest, most efficient rubber-working equipment...consolidated branches ...short-cut sales and distribution methods. But we didn't cut quality; we improved it—*to make this new "G-3" the greatest tire buy on the market for so little money.* See this first-line "G-3" All-Weather at your Goodyear dealer's—you'll find it a standout example of that leadership in value that makes millions say: *GOODYEAR TIRES ARE AS GOOD AS YOU THINK, AND COST FAR LESS THAN YOU IMAGINE!*

IT GIVES YOU THE GREATER SAFETY OF THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR TREAD

ON WET PAVEMENTS the All-Weather's sharp-edged diamond pattern wipes dry and holds—it doesn't squirm and let you slide.

There is just one reason why the Goodyear All-Weather is the only non-skid tread design that has remained basically unchanged for more than a quarter century. *Experience proves it safest under ALL road and weather conditions.* Billions of miles of high-way service have long demonstrated the superior skid-resistance, traction and "stopability" of its center traction grip. That's why All-Weather tread tires outsell any other kind.

ON DRY PAVEMENTS the All-Weather's husky blocks grip and brace against the road for quickest stopping when you brake.

PLUS THESE OTHER BANNER FEATURES

LONG NON-SKID MILEAGE—*flat thick tread—wide riding ribs—more rubber on the road.*

QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING—*deep non-skid blocks in center of tread for firm grip.*

NO SLIP ON CURVES—*heavy shoulder blocks resist sliding.*

TOUGHER TREAD—*new engineering gives "G-3" increased resistance to cuts.*

GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION—*new stronger low stretch Supertwist cord in every ply.*

SMART APPEARANCE—*prismed sidewalls, wide decorative ribs.*

All-Weather, Supertwist—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IT HAS BEEN TRUE: MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

AUGUST 17, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 33

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HOW LONG? OH, LORD!! HOW LONG?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

How long will we have to wait for Congress to take some action in building the one asset needed for the preservation of this nation?

I again refer to man power, and it cannot be reiterated too often. In the last fifty years I have repeatedly warned my own countrymen and the English-speaking world generally of the dangers we are facing in neglecting this momentous requirement.

Germany has smashed France with her blitzkrieg—due largely to man power. Yes, there were mechanized units, but the courage and the stamina, the ruggedness that comes from physical upbuilding, were the real source of these victories.

Just read this quotation from a letter I received from a young German:

"Before the last war the sports in Germany were not so important, but when the last war was lost for Germany, the sports—all kinds of them—became very important, even in every small village. They built football arenas and swimming pools, very often against the wishes of the old-timers, who could not understand the new times."

To wage a successful war there must be fighting spirit, keen, even frantic enthusiasm, grim, relentless determination, the will to struggle at times with ruthless violence, regardless of the difficulties.

Such extraordinary powers come largely from superabundant physical force, superior muscular and vital energy, a heart trained to stand the strain, with great bodily vigor throbbing with vibrant life.

Now Congress has voted billions for the army, for ships and planes, but the millions of men required to man these mechanized units, and the added millions that are required behind the lines—what is being done to train them?

Every man and every woman must do his or her part, and these millions must begin immediately to make the sacrifices necessary to prepare for the battles that we will undoubtedly have to fight.

As a beginning, we should at this time, without delay, register every male citizen in this country from sixteen to forty years of age. This should be done NOW—not a month or three months hence. Such a registration could be accomplished in a few days. The radio chains and the newspapers of this country should receive a governmental mandate which would compel them to publicize a simple questionnaire that every man should fill out and mail to Washington. When these answers are received, there should be experts trained to answer them intelligently by return mail, giving definite instructions to each individual, which should include a chart of simple exercises, adapted to individual needs, regulated by the vital conditions as indicated by the answers to the questionnaire.

Strict adherence to such training would harden and strengthen the body throughout every part. These exercises could be taken at home, although ultimately there should be classes arranged for this purpose everywhere.

Such a plan would raise the physical status of the manhood of this country to an extraordinary degree within a few months.

We have been taking everything for granted. We have been accepting the freedom, the extraordinary privileges secured in this country without an atom of appreciation; but to retain them, definite sacrifices will be necessary, and when every citizen is made to realize his duty in helping to meet this emergency, it will add quite materially to his understanding and appreciation of what this country has done for him.

Shortly following this training procedure of those from sixteen to forty years of age, there should be a registration of those from forty to fifty years of age, and fifty to sixty years of age. They, too, should be willing to make the sacrifices necessary to preserve the freedom that Americanism has brought us.

Many of our young men will be suffering from diseases of various kinds, but the revolutionary changes in the healing art have brought simple measures for effecting cures in but a short time. Physicians familiar with such methods could effectively manage these difficulties.

If our citizens could begin this hardening process in six months, literally millions would be ready to take the military training required.

Congress can pass a bill that will put this plan to work immediately. Why wait a week, or even a day? Do it now! There never has been and never will be anything before Congress that is more important than the building up of American manhood to meet the present tragic emergency.

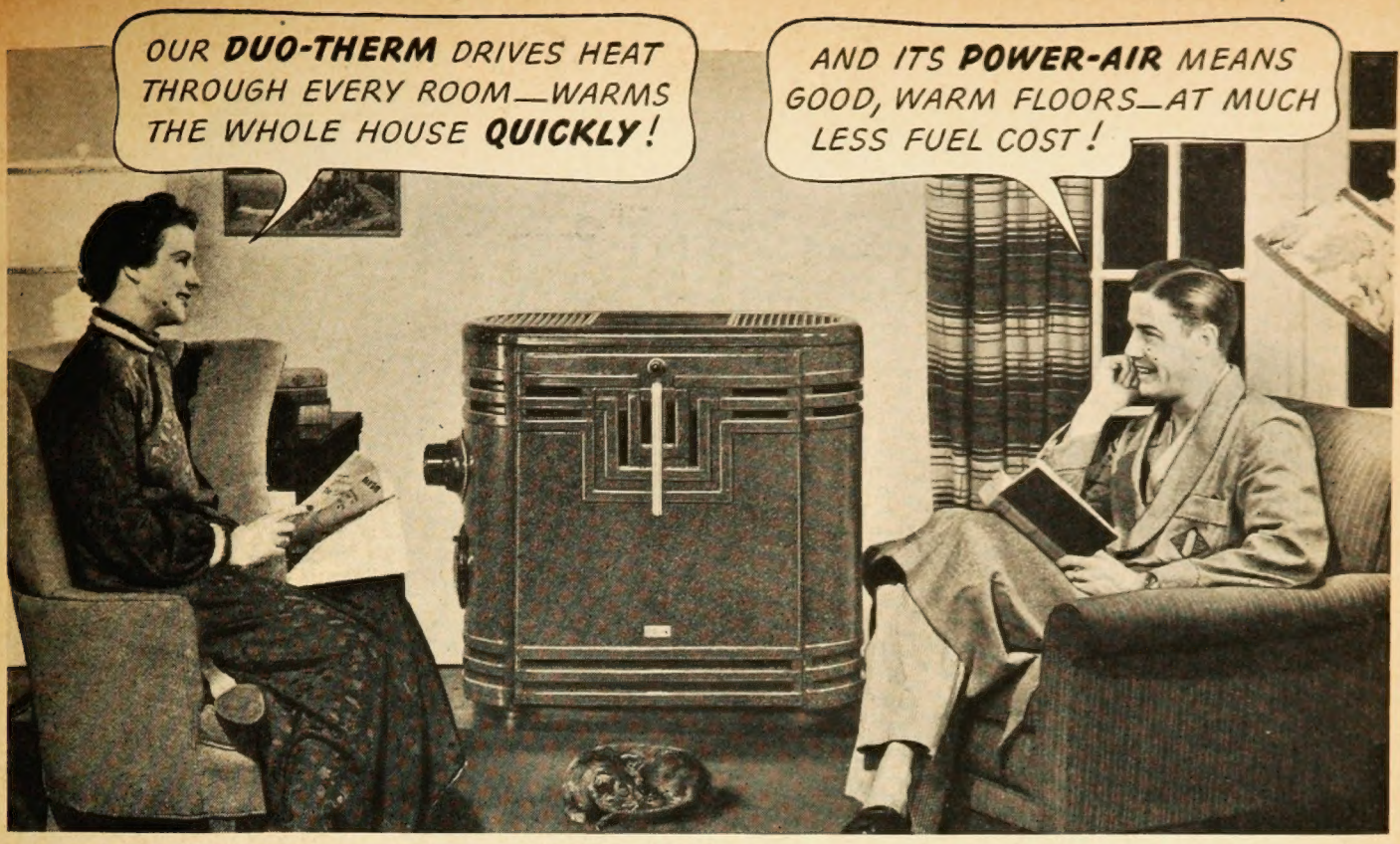
Bernarr Macfadden

Conditional permission to copy and publish this editorial is hereby granted provided such publication is for editorial use only, and is accompanied by the notice "Copyright, 1940, by Macfadden Publications, Inc."

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Copyright, 1940, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.


OUR DUO-THERM DRIVES HEAT THROUGH EVERY ROOM—WARMS THE WHOLE HOUSE QUICKLY!
AND ITS POWER-AIR MEANS GOOD, WARM FLOORS—AT MUCH LESS FUEL COST!

This new kind of heater FLOODS your floors with warmth!

A *NEW* blessing comes with oil heat this winter—even more important than cleanliness and convenience!

Now you can enjoy heat that *floods* your floors with cheerful warmth—heat which is *forced* into far corners . . . into other rooms —heat that costs *less* than oil heat ever did before!

Forced circulation—with Power-Air* enables the Duo-Therm to heat better "from the ground up"! Heat is driven to the floors, and is kept in constant circulation at the living-level—instead of "loafing" at the ceiling. You get more uniform comfort in your rooms from top to bottom!

You get something no fuel oil heater has ever given before: a *positive* forced circulation of heat like that of the latest basement furnaces! And Power-Air means a *sensational saving in fuel costs!*

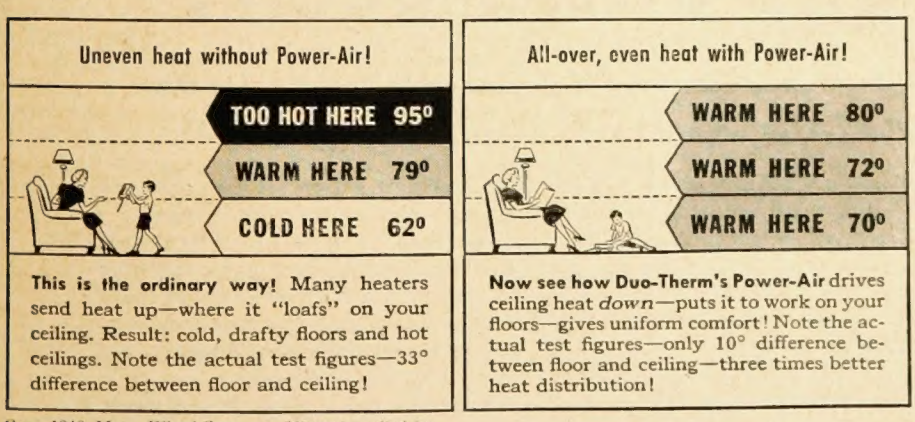
Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you *better* heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house *warmer*—while using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air!

And—Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

Has most efficient burner made! The handy front dial "tunes" your Duo-Therm to any heat! The patented Bias-Baffle Burner operates at *any* setting with equal efficiency, cleanliness and silence—gives more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil! The special waste-stopper saves fuel! Another grand comfort is the radiant door—open it and you're warmed through in a jiffy! And a Duo-Therm is *safe*—all models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Keep cooler in summer, too! The same Power-Air blower that drives heat in the winter can be operated independently of the heater to give a cooling 27 mile-an-hour breeze in the summer!

Even with Power-Air, a Duo-Therm costs no more than other heaters! Get immediate delivery now on the easy payment plan. Go to your Duo-Therm dealer today and see the 12 beautiful models. They heat 1 to 6 rooms—come in the console or upright cabinet type. *All* can be equipped with Power-Air. For further details—mail the coupon now!


Uneven heat without Power-Air!
TOO HOT HERE 95°
WARM HERE 79°
COLD HERE 62°
This is the ordinary way! Many heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: cold, drafty floors and hot ceilings. Note the actual test figures—33° difference between floor and ceiling!
All-over, even heat with Power-Air!
WARM HERE 80°
WARM HERE 72°
WARM HERE 70°
Now see how Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives ceiling heat down—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 10° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!

Copr. 1940, Motor Wheel Corp. *Patent applied for

New All-Weather
DUO-THERM
Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

—TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!—

DUO-THERM DIVISION
Dept. L-30, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan
Send me, without obligation, your complete illustrated catalog.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ County_____
State_____

Aren't You Glad
I remembered about "33 to 1"?

BLENDED 33 TIMES TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

. . . WITH A BLUE RIBBON ON IT

First in the Homes of America—and the Largest Selling American Beer in the Rest of the World!

It's the Happy Blending of 33 Separate Brews—for the One Flavor that has won America, Coast to Coast!

● Pabst Blue Ribbon is served in more homes—at more parties, picnics and other social occasions—than any other beer.

And the reason? It takes not one, not five, or twelve . . . but 33 separate brews from 33 separate kettles, to make a single glass of BLUE RIBBON!

Each brew is as fine as choicest ingredients and Pabst's 96 years of experience can make it. Then all 33 brews are brought together in perfect balance.

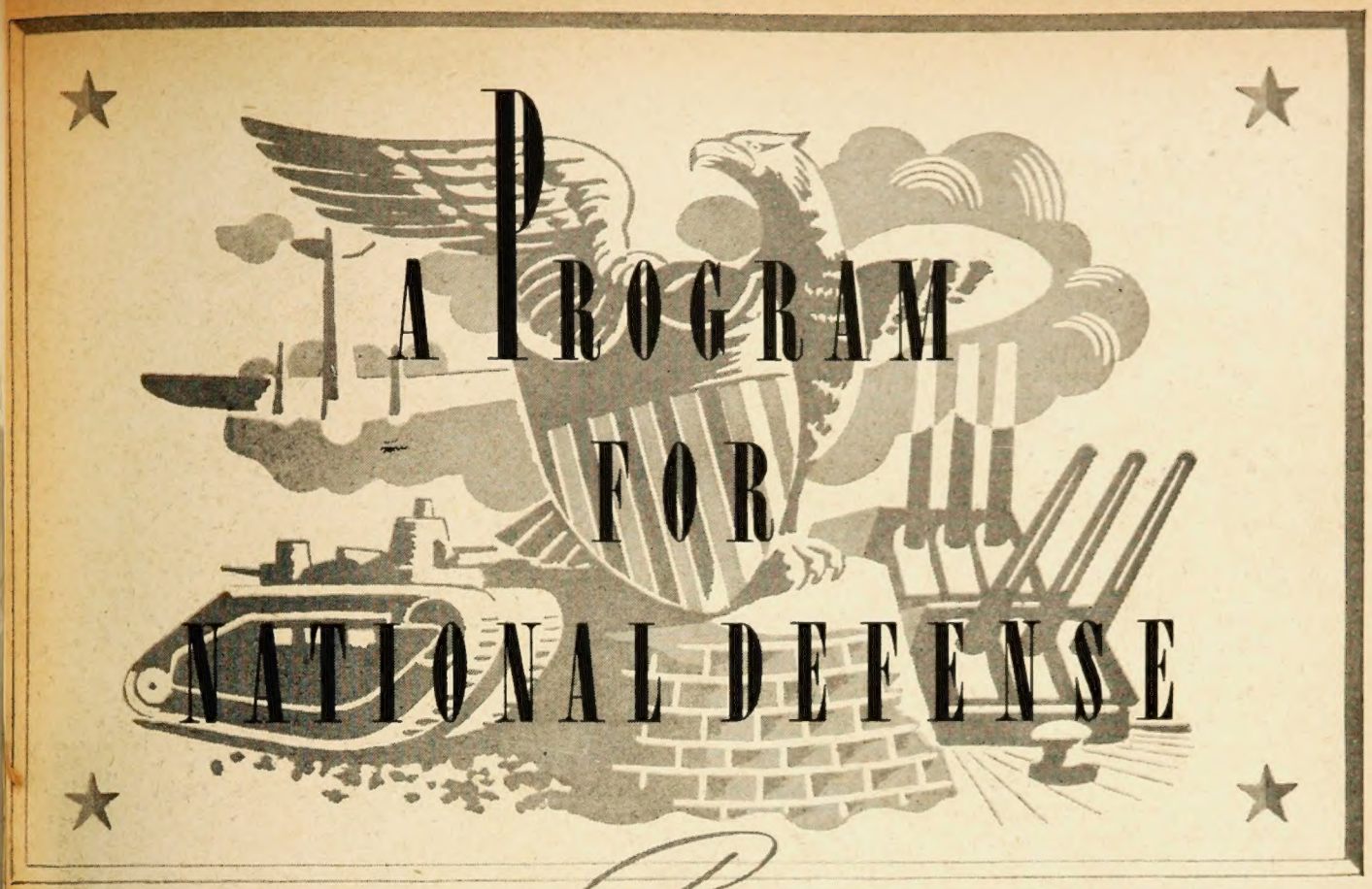
An expensive way to brew? Of course! It's like blending champagne, coffee or tobacco to produce the finest. And that's what makes it *America's Premium Beer*, with a smoothness that is unique . . . and a goodness that never varies.

Sometime today, meet Blue Ribbon.

It's the **BLEND** *that Betters the Beer*

Try **Pabst Blue Ribbon** *and Prove it*

Copyright 1940, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee



A PROGRAM FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE

By

We must face *facts!* Liberty offers a distinguished soldier's revealing challenge

LIEUTENANT GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD
President of the National Security League

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WITH the concrete results of mechanized mass fury before our eyes in Europe, I am asked to discuss the new warfare and what it may mean to us.

Americans gasped, fearful, at the sudden and ghastly revelations of its effectiveness. Washington officialdom apparently was no less astounded than the man in the street. How, startled millions asked, could one nation loose such havoc upon two great Powers?

The answer might be written as the epitaph of many now deposed leaders. It should read:

They did not know what war had become.

God grant that there be no cause for such an epitaph for this country!

Over here, quickly, there were proposals that billions be loaned the Allies. (Again, *after* what happened.) Weapons and supplies must be rushed. Or give them our airplanes. Organizations were formed for aid to them. But, when lightning war has struck, it is *too late* for such things.

There was instant and continued discussion also of "whether we'll be in it." Some used the word "when," assuming inevitability. Many, Colonel Lindbergh charged, indulged in "hysterical chatter."

Altogether, America has suffered from the war of nerves. Americans are bewildered. There is conflict of emotions, opinions, proposals — and confusion in millions of minds. Because of this I would like the privilege here of speaking some hard truths:

1. *We must have NO part in any war that is not brought to us in this hemisphere.*

I say this regardless of any sympathies for England as the "bulwark of democracy." Or for suffering China. And regardless of any desire to see the rich Dutch East Indies saved from totalitarian hands. Yes—regardless even of a possible attack upon the Philippines.

2. *We are powerless to halt the march of totalitarian events in the Old World, whatever may be planned.*

This is not flattering to Yankee ego. But let's face it. We are *less* prepared, even for war at home, than were Poland, Finland, Holland, Belgium, and France. We are wholly unprepared for any war overseas, and it would be suicidal.

3. *Europe's tragedy is not our business. Our business is here: our OWN defenses.*

We must prepare to protect, if necessary, all that we have, our liberties, the kind of lives we wish to lead. We cannot do that adequately if we waste our substance—and our youth —trying to "save" democracy in Europe.

If this seems brutal, it's the facts that are brutal. We didn't make them. And preparing against what war has become is a task that will tax our energies and abilities to the utmost.

Like ourselves, Britain placed reliance on a small professional army, on slow training of citizens, on her navy and the "isolating" waters which had barred invasion for 874 years. First to develop a large tank corps, Britain struck some inevitable experimental-stage snags; and her military leaders became "wait-and-see" about mechanization. So did our own! Britain really was awakened to the challenge of air power only when Italian plane action against her fleet threatened during the Ethiopian crisis. Thus Britain reached for modernization too late. Nine months after war began she had two million men *in training* at home; and at the front perhaps 300,000—who were no match for machine-made war.

During nearly two decades France was the first military and air Power. She let her planes grow old. She felt

secure behind her Maginot Line—which the Germans were to outflank through Belgium and, vertically, by air. She continued to think in terms of "man power"—to rely upon millions of trained men, well officered. Ever since Napoleon's day she has had the most brilliantly educated officers' corps in the world. Yet these experts made a disastrous miscalculation. They did not fully comprehend the change in warmaking which makes mere numbers count for so much less, since efficient use of newly perfected weapons may make one man the equal of ten or more who use the old, inferior arms. (We have thought of our strength in potential numbers. Worse: so many of us have clung to the idea that you make a soldier merely by putting a uniform on a man.)

Now turn to Germany. First we should recall that twenty-five years ago Germany had the most perfect war machine ever known. She then evolved a new kind of war, including vast use of machine guns, introduction of gas, first arming of planes, shock-troop tactics, etc. Superior *organization, equipment, and training* enabled the average German soldier to account for two and a half of the enemy before himself becoming a casualty. The Central Powers had whipped England, France, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Greece, and Romania—with Haig making his "backs-to-the-wall" admission—when we saved the Allies.

Germany recreated that superiority, this time having two vital advantages: 1. A clean start seven years ago, uncluttered by traditional conservatism. Her military thinking was abreast of the machine age. 2. Dictatorship, which meant decisiveness, ruthless drive, and the gearing of a whole nation's strength to war purposes. Dictatorship is the supreme warmaker; democracy is no match for it.

"By memory and reason," that wise old philosopher Spinoza said, "we can turn the facts of experience and history into a picture, a foresight of the future."

THERE should have been no jittered astonishment among military and political leaders, here or abroad, over the impact of German power—or the result. The extent and type of German armament was known. Nazi leaders frequently had warned how it would be used: "with unreserved recklessness," said Goering. We had had clear previews in Poland and Norway.

And yet our defense action measures typically the "slow awakening." War in Europe added a second billion to our defense plan; invasion of the Low Countries, a third. But it was only with the fourth billion — proposed as the mop-up in Belgium was ending—that we began to reach for the deadliest modern weapons in adequate quantities.

I say that the American people, all of us, *must* see, *must* realize fully, and *must* keep in mind what war now is. We must not grow hysterical today, forgetful tomorrow. If we do—as has been our defense habit for generations—we will never prepare to meet this kind of war, should it come to us.

Liberty puts certain questions to me about the effect on us if the British government comes to Canada; if Greenland is occupied or Canada attacked; or if an attempt is made by an enemy to occupy the Caribbean and reach Mexico as a base of attack against us.

Should Britain's situation become desperate enough, quickly, to warrant moving the government to Canada, then there might not be time enough for the shift. However, I would say that such a move would be Britain's business and Canada's, not ours—*unless* it brought war to the Americas.

As for invasion or annexation of Canada, both in the Panama Declaration and in a speech by the President there are promises that we will oppose conquest of our northern neighbor. We would and should do that anyway.

As for possible routes and methods of attack against us:

North: Iceland, Greenland, Labrador are feasible way stations for air attack by planes with ranges now coming into military use. These also could be bases for "air convoy," protecting the warships and troopships of an expeditionary force. Still—our fleet would halt anything like that? We like to think so. We don't *know* it. We *do* know that Britain's mighty fleet, so superior to Germany's, did not halt in the Skagerrak the invaders of Norway, who had air protection.

Let such an invader move down the St. Lawrence and establish strong bases, and he flanks our "vital triangle"—the area, roughly delineated by Boston, Washington, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis, within which are our war and basic industries and chief transportation arteries. It lies alongside and *near* that famous unfortified boundary of Canada. For a Canadian-based enemy, our most vital centers would be within *easy* reach of planes; of *Blitzkrieg*, including both tanks and motorized infantry; and of dynamite-carrying parachutists. Here also, we may be sure, fifth columnists would try to co-operate from within.

We've had a preview of this kind of crippling attack. Do you recall how quickly Poland's "industrial triangle"—deliberately located in the southeast, distant from Germany—was blanked out?

In short, Canada *must not* be annexed by a conqueror whose ambitions and ruthlessness are limitless.

Central: A logical point of debarkation for a mechanized raid would be the south Jersey coast. The objective a few miles inland, between Philadelphia and Baltimore, would mean the crippling of the tightest network of trunk-line railroads to be found anywhere in the vital triangle.

The American people, all of us, *mu*

The defense problem would be tougher than at Oslo.

South: Assume a totalitarian victory so decisive that the booty includes most of Africa. The British fleet would be gone, of course. From an African base, then, newer long-range planes could ferry the South Atlantic for operations on this side. Here again they could protect ocean-surface forces.

First objective, the Caribbean. Thousands of islands make it the best hornets'-nest base, for submarine and seaplane operation especially, to be found anywhere on the earth's surface. Any considerable occupation here would constitute a three-way threat: of attack upon the southeastern United States; attack upon the Panama Canal; and the cutting of our life line of supply, from South America, for "strategic war materials," most of which no longer would be obtainable from the Eastern Hemisphere.

I can assure you that the Caribbean problem was giving high officials headaches even before May 10. There is no need for conjecture about extension of this kind of attack to include Mexican action if possible. We have only to remember this:

During the last war, in return for attack upon us and for trying to prevent our taking any effective part

ILLUSTRATOR A. LEYDENFROST

ealize fully what war now is. . . . A logical point of debarkation for a mechanized raid would be the south Jersey coast.

against Germany, Mexico was promised, by the German Zimmermann dispatch, return to her of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California. Whereupon, though our precautions discouraged attack, Mexico kept so many troops in threatening positions that we were forced to keep 300,000 men on or near the Rio Grande until the end of the war.

Sowing the seeds of antagonism against us in this hemisphere has already been attempted widely. It is known now that German aviators and German flights cover very thoroughly Brazil westward to the Pacific coast and southward into Argentina.

Nor is it any secret that there had been rising anxiety about Panama Canal defense long before the new *Blitzkrieg*. We had seen totalitarian "timing" in Poland and in various attacks, mobilizations, threats, and diplomatic moves. Only a fool would rule out the probability of *general* totalitarian "timing" if attack is to be launched against us. That would mean two-ocean attack. We cannot have a two-ocean navy for several years. Panama Canal safety is the crux of that problem, and no one knows definitely whether we can safeguard it.

No, we cannot "save" democracy overseas. Even the job of making dead certain that we can save ourselves is too big. But we'll do it. We must!

We must not forget another new problem: how to prepare defense against the sabotage tactics of the parachutist and the fifth-column agent. Many eminent men have consulted me about that, urging that the National Security League, which I head, take some action. As a result, the League has urged that the President ask all American Legion locals to study this phase of home defense and evolve plans and form specialized units for combating these dangers, under federal government supervision. Last-minute improvisation of this kind of defense is fatal, as has been proved in many parts of Europe.

Influential men also have sought my support for this or that *new* plan for industrial mobilization. No suddenly conceived innovation of this sort will work. An industrial-mobilization program has been growing for twenty years. It has been built with great care. Industrialists, engineers, transportation experts, specialists of many kinds, army and navy officers, active and retired, including the writer, have contributed to it.

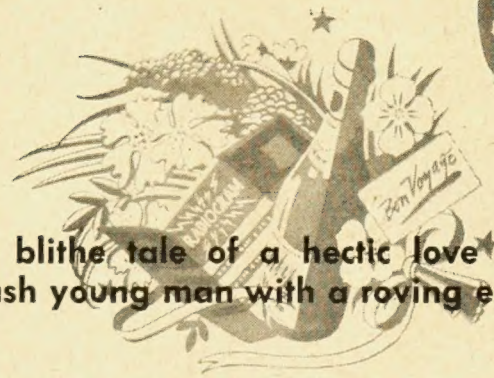
We must support that plan and the present preparedness program. The job before us is wholesale. It is the job of *modernizing* to meet *mass* war fought primarily with *machines*. First, this is a production problem. The army, the navy, Congress, the Executive Branch—such as these are not trained to solve this part of our problem. Civilian producers, from the most skilled executive to the man at the workbench, must help. They are beginning to team up for this national effort.

WE will need adequate and able staffs—service men and civilians—to direct this effort. We'll need co-operation, team play, and more co-operation! There must be no repetition of the conditions which, not long after our entry into the last war, caused Senator Chamberlain, chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, to declare: "The War Department has ceased to function." And if men in the services show doubt or a tendency to "wait and see," then citizens should exert the constant pressure of public opinion to ensure production of modern tools of war.

This kind of war is against peoples. We have seen what happens to peoples when leaders lack vision. We have seen what war has become. Calmly and with stubborn determination, we must so prepare that none will dare bring that kind of war to us. Or so prepare that we can meet it victoriously. We cannot, now.

THE END

EVERY GIRL'S A Story



A blithe tale of a hectic love affair and a rash young man with a roving eye for beauty

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE train rolled slowly into the station at Atlantic City and Reggie Mattocks and I got up and ambled with the other passengers toward the end of the parlor car. I was behind Reggie and I suddenly noticed a change in the expression of his back. His shoulders stiffened under his too elegant plaid coat, his neck extended like a turtle's and his ears seemed to prick up.

With Reggie, such seizures were not uncommon, but this one seemed especially absurd. During a large part of our journey from New York he had sat on the edge of his seat, gazing at me mournfully and telling me with the most revolting candor how he worshiped Alice Muir, yet now the flicker of blonde curls and a red hat in the crowd ahead was enough to set him off on what may literally as well as figuratively be described as a new scent.

On the station platform Red Hat embraced a nondescript young man. As she tripped away with him, Reggie stood looking after her with eyes that resembled a pair of indignant brown poached eggs; then he followed me gloomily to a hotel bus.

I too felt gloomy. This visit to Atlantic City was no pleasure jaunt for me. For some weeks to come I should be housed in a hotel suite as custodian of this cotton-batting Casanova, keeping him out of mischief, trying to make him finish the work he had contracted to do for the advertising agency of which I was one of a covey of vice-presidents.

His contract with us called for twenty-six short comedy sketches to be written for Enchantment Hour, weekly radio program of Standard Beauty Products Corporation, largest and most troublesome of the accounts I handled. He had written the first seven sketches and they were knockouts. When four of them had been on the air, he came to the office and asked me for a sizable cash advance, and I was fool enough to let him have it.

We had an appointment to meet next morning for a conference with H. P. Cady, president of Standard Beauty Products Corporation, but Reggie failed to appear and sent no word, and Cady was very much put out. During the remainder of that day, and all the next, my secretary, Miss Rice, kept trying to get Reggie on the phone, but his phone didn't answer and the boy we sent to his apartment with a letter reported that nobody knew where he was or when he would be back.

"I wish you hadn't given him that money, Mr. Hanscombe," said Miss Rice in her clipped businesslike tone. "He hasn't an atom of sense when there's money in his pocket—or any other time, for that matter. I've always been afraid he'd let you down."

Reggie didn't show up at the broadcast that evening, and H. P. Cady was madder than he had been in the morning. Something had to be done and done quickly, so I took a cab to Reggie's apartment.

The night elevator man was discouraging. Reggie would be home sometime, he said, but it would be very late. It was then half past eleven. I borrowed the elevator man's

BY JULIAN STREET

ILLUSTRATOR BENTON CLARK

There was a red-haired girl in the elevator. As Reggie sighted her I was aware of the familiar start.

tabloid, sat down on a hard bench and tried to read, but I couldn't keep my mind on the story. Every little while I would come to myself and realize that while my eyes followed the type my thoughts were fixed on Reggie Mattocks and the trouble he was making me.

I deserved better of Reggie.

Several years earlier, when he was a small-time copy writer, I sensed his special talent and gave him his first opportunity to write for radio.

Quickly he developed a distinctive style, a curious blend of sentimentality and crackpot comedy that made him one of the most successful free lances in the business. Since then I had used him steadily. His sketches were the backbone of our Enchantment Hour programs and were the only feature of the programs that Cady and the other S. B. P. executives, to say nothing of their secretaries, wives, and sweethearts, unanimously liked.

Reggie knew about my troubles with the S. B. P. account. He knew I feared my hold on it was slipping and that if I should lose it I might also lose my agency connection. Yet he could do a thing like this!

The tall clock in the foyer had struck two when the street door opened and Reggie came swinging in. I got up from the bench.

"Why, hello, Ed!" he exclaimed with an airy wave of the hand. "I was just thinking about you. Not two minutes ago I was saying to myself, 'I must certainly phone Ed Hanscombe first thing in the morning.' Funny, isn't it, how often you run into somebody you've just been thinking about?"

"Yes," I answered, infuriated by his casual tone. "And another thing that's funny is how a man who pretends to any vestige of taste will go around in a red tie and a red hatband when the button on the end of his nose is so sunburned it looks like the taillight of a truck."

An expression of anxiety came over Reggie's face. Feeling his nose gingerly, he started toward a mirror at the other side of the hall, but I caught him by the arm.

"Never mind your nose now," I said, as I propelled him toward the elevator. "It's been there twenty-seven years and it can wait. I'm here to talk to you." And the moment we got up to his apartment I did talk to him, telling him in what seemed to me one big breath what I thought of his behavior.

"What about those sketches? You gave me your word of honor you'd stick to the job, yet the moment you—"

"Listen, Ed," he broke in breathlessly. "You don't realize what's happened to me. I'm in love! It's perfectly tremendous! I've thought I was in love before, but I realize now that I didn't know the meaning of the word. She's the most wonderful girl I've ever known, but the trouble is she lives in New Rochelle and it takes all my time getting back and forth."

"Who is she this time?" I asked.

"Alice Muir." Reggie said. "I introduced you to her at a broadcast a few weeks ago."

I remembered Alice Muir. She was one of the few girls I had seen him with who didn't make me think of a factory second.

"You can't have forgotten Alice," Reggie went on. "She was sitting under the control-room window, don't you remember? — a lovely, slender thing with a kind of"—he rolled his eyes ecstatically—"a kind of misty radiance about her."

"That's what you said about the little Cuban girl before she socked you with the beer bottle."

"I *never* said Dolores had a radiance about her," he corrected stiffly. "I said she was exotic, and she *was!* Moreover, I want to tell you I consider it in rotten taste for you to bring that matter up. Frankly, Ed, it sometimes seems as if you didn't have ordinary decent sensibilities."

"At the moment," I told him, "it isn't a question of what kind of sensibilities I've got. It's a question of what kind of typewriter *you've* got. If it's a portable, that's fine, because you can use it while we're gone. I'm going to shanghai you and sit over you like a loving G-man until you finish this job."

"What do you mean?" He was staring at me with bulging eyes. "You're crazy! I'm not going away!"

"Oh, yes, you are," I declared.

"But you don't understand!" His voice was shrill. "I can't go! I can't leave Alice. Dozens of fellows are crazy about her. The competition's something terrible! Two of them are tennis champions and another has a yawl and—well, there's no sense talking about it, because I won't go!"

"You'll go," I replied, "if I have to rope you and ship you in a cage. But it won't come to that, I'm sure. You'll have sense enough to see that if you don't co-operate you're finished. As long as you live you'll never be able to get another job in radio or advertising."

The role of terrorist was new to me, but Reggie was good material to work on; his overactive imagination was as tinder to a flame. I pressed my advantage, speaking darkly of a supposed cancellation clause in his contract and a purely fictitious menace which I called an interstudio black list. As I went grimly on, I could feel his resistance cracking, and at last he broke down and told me with a groan that he would go.

So here we were in the bus, with a breeze full of salt and sunshine blowing through the open windows as we trundled toward a luxurious hotel where neither of us wished to be.

WITHOUT delay we established a routine. Our day began with a dip in the surf, followed by breakfast and a morning's work. We lunched in our rooms, worked through the afternoon, then took another swim or a stroll on the boardwalk. Then dinner and perhaps a movie or, if Reggie felt like it, more work. And at least once a day he would telephone to Alice, talking to her in a cooing drawl that sent me flying from the room.

Reggie was at his best when writing Enchantment Hour sketches. The stuff seemed to come rolling out of him, and if he ever found himself short of ideas he could turn up as many as he wanted by thumbing through his address book.

"Girls are my material," he told me. "Every girl's a story. It's just a matter of getting the right slant and building up a wallop at the end."

Down here there was no lack of his "material," and he moved amid it with the assurance of a sophomore in a taxi dance hall. I was with him almost constantly, yet I was never able to see clearly how he got acquainted with so many girls; his methods were as difficult to follow as those of a prestidigitator and the speed with which he worked was stupefying. Arriving at the beach, he would posture in his bathing suit, arms akimbo, stomach sucked in, chest distended; then, before I knew it, he would be playing ball and running races in the sand with girls who, like as not, he had never before seen, and by the time we were ready to go back to the hotel he would be calling them by their first names, making dates to teach them fancy swimming strokes, and giving them playful little spanks.

Yet through it all he was faithful to Alice in his fashion. The moon shining on the sea, a tune played by a restaurant orchestra, a romantic scene in a movie, or a bowl of chicken salad garnished with pimento would bring her to his mind and release a flood of tender maunderings.

DO you know what she reminds me of?" he asked one Sunday night as he sat on the lower part of my bed rubbing his silky brown hair with a sickeningly fragrant salve.

"No," I said, "but I wish you'd move over and give me a little room for my feet."

"She reminds me," he continued in a voice that made me think of dripping syrup, "of a beautiful pink hollyhock . . . I can't figure if this stuff is doing my hair any good or not. Do you notice anything?"

"I notice it makes the room smell like a baby's funeral," I said.

"Yes, it's tuberose. . . . You see what I mean about her being like a beautiful pink hollyhock?"

"Sure, she's exactly like a hollyhock."

"I thought you'd get it."

"Never you fear," I said. "I get it all right."

He stopped rubbing and got up, and I stretched my legs luxuriously to the bottom of the bed.

"If you have no objection," he said, "I'd like to tell Alice you agree with me. It will please her. She admires the shape of your head."

"That's fine. Tell her, by all means."

I rolled over and snapped off the light.

"I'll tell her when I phone her tomorrow," he said as he moved toward his room.

But he never got around to telling her, for the news she gave him when he called her up next morning jolted every other thought out of his mind. Through the closed door I could hear his agitated voice going on and on, and I could tell from its inflections that he was arguing and pleading. Then he hung up and burst into my room.

"I'm dished!" he cried. "She's going abroad! She's sailing Saturday! I've got to see her! She'll be gone six weeks." His tone was an abysmal croak.

"What?" I said. "Only six weeks? Why, that's nothing—nothing at all. It'll keep her away from those tennis champions you've been in such a stew about. And the fellow with the yawl. Isn't that perfectly fine? She'll be running round with a little red book, looking at art galleries and cathedrals, while you're cleaning up this job."

"I wish I'd never heard of the job!"

REGGIE had been stalking the floor like Lady Macbeth, the skirts of his green-striped bathrobe floating out behind him. Now he stopped and faced me.

"It's a jinx!" he cried. "Look at the score! I've done thirteen of these sketches and I've got thirteen more to do. Thirteen both ways against the middle—and *I'm* the middle! And *that's* when she ups and decides to go abroad!"

"Silly superstition."

"I tell you it's a jinx!" he repeated shrilly. "I feel it even in my dreams. I've had the same dream three nights running. Englishmen! I keep having nightmares about Englishmen. It's an omen. Alice is going on a boat and boats are full of Englishmen. You know how girls are about Englishmen. Some guy from Hants or Bucks will gargle at her in the moonlight about the mater and the pater and the Khyber Pass and she'll forget all about me. I've got to see her, Ed. I've simply got to!"

Quite evidently he was whipping himself into a frenzy, getting ready to run out on me.

"Look here," I said. "This is the second time in less than three weeks that you've tried to let me down, and I'm not going to stand for it." Again I trotted out the threat of a cancellation clause and an interstudio black list, but though I succeeded in bullying him back to the typewriter, the day was shot to pieces. He spent the morning writing verse, tragic verse, about the cruel sea and the icy stars and a heart wrung, at parting, with grief that would not be assuaged.

The room-service waiter came to take our luncheon order, but Reggie said he didn't want to eat, and again at dinnertime he refused sustenance. This might have worried me had I not known about the two boxes of salt-water taffy. He had done his best to eat them surreptitiously, but salt-water taffy does not lend itself to surreptitiousness.

I was in a quandary when I went to bed. Long after I put out my light I lay with the sound of the surf in my ears, wondering what to do. But

I woke up in the morning laughing.

Without effort on my part the Reggie problem seemed to have solved itself overnight, and the manner of its solution amused me. "Why, this is good!" I said to myself.

Thus it came about that when Reggie stalked into my room, wearing purple-striped pajamas and an expression of strained and desperate resolve, I was ready for him.

He came directly to my bedside and stood over me.

"Look here, Ed," he said in a nervous vibrant voice. "I've laid awake all night trying to work this situation out. My whole life's happiness is hanging in the balance. I've got to see her. I'm going to New York."

"Well," I said, "as far as I'm concerned—"

"There's no use arguing," he broke in fiercely. "My mind's made up."

"And I'm trying to tell you *my* mind's made up," I said. "I've done some thinking, too. This is your affair and I've decided to keep strictly out of it. You can do exactly as you please and I won't chirp."

An astonished smile spread slowly over his face. "Why, that's just wonderful, Ed!" he exclaimed.

"I think you'd better go this morning. The quicker you get started the quicker it will all be over."

"Over? What do you mean, over?"

"If you hurry and pack," I said, "you can be in New Rochelle tonight, along with the two tennis players and the yawl fellow and any other local talent that turns up. You can hang around till Saturday like a super in a mob scene, and then go with the whole gang to the boat and see her off—just another sad-eyed biped with a box of candy and flowers."

Reggie's face reflected a capacity load of shocked astonishment. "What are you getting at?" he demanded. "What else is there for me to do?"

"Nothing—it being you."

WHAT does *that* mean?"

"It means," I said, "that in these affairs you haven't the dimmest concept of technique. Absence could give you a tremendous advantage if you had sense enough to use it. You've got this chance to make yourself stand out from all the others, to keep her thinking of you, yearning after you all the time she's gone. Yet you deliberately chuck the opportunity."

"No, Ed, not deliberately—don't say that! I *want* her to yearn after me. If you'll just tell me how to go about it, I'll—"

"As I said before," I answered, "this is your affair, not mine."

"But I'm only asking for a little friendly technique." He was looking at me like a cocker spaniel that has been stepped on. "For the Lord's sake, Ed, give me some technique! How can I start her yearning?"

"If I were certain that you—"

"You *can* be certain!" he broke in, and this time he had the tremolo and vox humana stops pulled out. "I swear it! Oh, Ed, if you could only realize, only understand! She's sacred to me! I want her to be the mother of my children! Don't be a stinker. Tell me what you meant about absence being a help to me."

"I meant that you ought to be dynamically absent, that's all."

"How can a person be dynamically absent? I never heard of it before."

"It's another way of saying you capitalize your absence, make an asset of it. You organize your campaign so that all the time she's gone you dominate her thoughts. Wherever she goes, whichever way she turns, something breathes to her of Reggie Mattocks—Reggie Mattocks."

"It *does?*" From the way his eyes bugged out I knew I had touched the button.

"But it's going to cost you quite a bit," I said.

Magnificently he brushed that aside.

"Forget expense. How do I begin?"

JULIAN STREET

Chicago-born novelist, short-story writer, and authority on wines, is shown drinking from a glass of his own design. He has been a reporter, a drama reviewer, and for thirty-five years a contributor to leading magazines. He has a son, a daughter, and two grandchildren.

"By not going to the boat," I said.

"But, Ed—"

"Shut up and get the picture. All the other saps are there, and the fact that you don't show up piques her. After the boat sails she looks over her presents. Nothing from you, not even a fifty-cent telegram. Now she's sore—thinks you've been trifling with her."

"But, Ed—"

"That's where you fool her. When she goes to see about her deck chair it's already placed on the sunny side of the deck. 'With Mr. Mattocks' compliments, miss,' says the deck steward. And when she inquires about her place at table, Mr. Mattocks has fixed that, too. She's to sit at the captain's table."

"The captain's table?" Reggie frowned. "After all, there's no use *shoving* brass buttons at her, is there?"

"All right," I said, "we'll put her at a table for two with a lovable old lady."

The amendment was approved, and I continued:

"Before dinner the first night out she gets a corsage of gardenias with your card; the next night orchids, the next night something else, and so on all the way across. Now she's reproaching herself bitterly for having thought you were neglecting her."

"Swell!"

"You get the pattern? Surprise piled on surprise. Champagne at dinner the night before she lands, and when she gets to Paris her hotel room is banked with flowers."

"But can you fix it, Ed? In Paris? How can we—"

"I've a friend there who'll attend to it."

"You know, Ed, for an ingrowing bachelor you occasionally hit on something pretty good."

"Oh?"

"Yes. Take this idea about dynamic absence. It's really quite a notion. All it needs to make it perfect is your Uncle Reggie's magic touch. For instance, instead of cards with the flowers and things, I'll write poems, see? I'll send her a radiogram in rhyme. She thinks my poetry's wonderful. Have you ever read about Byron? He had England by the ears when he was my age."

He might have discussed Byron further had he not been seized by a sudden inspiration.

"Get this, Ed!" His bulging eyes were luminous. "Here's a whale of a scheme! In Paris, the last night before she sails for home, I'll give a dinner for her at some famous restaurant. Music, soft lights, everything done to the nines. Two places at the table—hers and mine. For me an empty chair"—his voice quavered—"a place card with my name, that's all. Why, it'll break her heart! Would your friend in Paris take care of it for me, do you think?"

"Why, yes, I'm sure he will," I said. "All the world loves a lover—unless it knows him too well."

THROUGH the remainder of the week Reggie and I put in all our time on perfecting the dynamic-absence project. This seemed for the moment the best thing I could do for Enchantment Hour. Flowers and other gifts for the voyage were arranged for, and while Reggie worked on verses to accompany them, I attended to more prosaic features of the plan, pulling wires through the advertising department of the steamship company to get Alice special attention on the ship, sending letters of instruction, with generous tips enclosed, to the several stewards on whose co-operation we depended, and cabling my friend in Paris.

While we were working on these details Reggie was fascinated by the storylike character of the campaign; but when the machinery was all set up, ready to go into operation automatically when Alice sailed, he became panicky, and by Saturday morning he had as bad a case of jitters as I ever saw. After all, he demanded, how did we know the scheme was going to click? How could we be sure it was going to sweep Alice off her feet?

He gave me a bad day, although I managed to divert him somewhat by methods such as one would use with a child.

I described the beginning of the voyage. "Just about now," I told him, "the ship is heading down the harbor and Alice has found out that you've arranged about her deck chair and her place at table." I went on making pictures for him: Alice unpacking, walking the deck, the Narrows, Sandy Hook, the first lift of

the open sea. "About now," I said at dinnertime, "the steward is bringing her the orchids."

"Gardenias," he corrected.

"Well, anyway, she's getting them now, and she thinks you're pretty nice."

"Maybe," said Reggie. His tone was melancholy and the mood lasted through the meal.

We got back to work next day, and although our labors were interlarded with talk of Alice I felt that he was making a real effort to buckle down again, and by evening I was much encouraged about the future of the Enchantment Hour program.

After dinner we took a brisk turn on the boardwalk, and when we came back, the clerk handed Reggie a letter.

Eagerly he ripped the envelope, and as he read, his face broke into a maudlin shiny grin.

"It's from Alice! Everything's been working like a charm! Boy, does she think I'm the drum major in the white fur hat!"

He handed me the letter. It had been written hurriedly to go ashore with the pilot, and now, almost three years later, I seem to see again the notepaper embossed with the flag of the steamship line, the loose easy handwriting, the spontaneous expressions of astonishment and pleasure: "It's all too wonderful! They're treating me like royalty, and it's just because I know you. I never knew a man could be so thoughtful."

I handed the letter back.

"If I do say it myself," said Reggie as we moved across the foyer, "there's one thing I understand—I know what pleases women."

He had the letter in his hand as we stepped into the elevator. There was a girl in the elevator, a strapping red-haired girl with the sort of figure the drugstore crowd in the little town I came from used to call a "shape." As Reggie sighted her I was aware of the familiar start and stiffening of the spine.

"You know," he declared as we ascended, "I'm getting so I like it a whole lot down here." Ostensibly he spoke to me, but he rolled a protuberant and brazen eye at our fellow passenger, who forthwith shifted her weight to the other foot and patted a sculptured curl.

When we alighted at our floor, he turned and looked her full in the face; then he went waltzing down the corridor toward our rooms, Alice's letter waving in his hand.

HOW Reggie became acquainted with the formidable redhead was never revealed to me. I know only that one morning on the beach, a week after we first saw her, she greeted him as "darling."

That afternoon came a cablegram from Alice, thanking Reggie for the flowers she had received on reaching Paris, and that evening he dressed himself with exceptional care and went out to dance with Bonnie Telfair—that was the redhead's name.

When he got home he switched on the light in my room.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you, Ed," he said, "but Bonnie told me her story tonight and I've got to talk to somebody. Lord, what that poor girl's been through!"

He dropped to his usual seat on the foot of my bed and launched into a tale of tragedy in the deep South, aristocratic tragedy, complete with the beautiful old plantation house, the colonel, Bonnie's father, drowning himself in juleps, the handsome dashing neighbor boy, the Negro mammy, and the guardian who speculated.

I think I dozed off while he was talking.

"I'm afraid you're sleepy." I was dimly conscious of his voice. "I'll tell you the rest later."

IN the days and weeks that followed he did tell me the rest, talking of Bonnie every time he got a chance and revealing her as a young woman of numerous sorrows and few, if any, reticences.

Alice he seldom mentioned, even after her letters began to come. She wrote to him often. The mechanism I had helped set in motion when she sailed was evidently clicking briskly, and the thought that it could not be stopped, even though Reggie was on the loose again, caused me some concern.

"Look here," I said to him one day when I had been hearing a good deal more than I wanted to about Bonnie. "A few weeks back I couldn't stop you talking about Alice, and now you never speak of her at all. What's happened to you? Have you cooled off, or what?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Ed. I feel the same about her as I always did. Of course I do! Alice is one of the very loveliest characters I've ever known. I've always said she was a lovely character and I always will say so."

"Well, then, why are you chasing this carnivorous female with the whisky voice?"

"I resent that description," said Reggie sternly. "Bonnie is a woman of great nobility. She has lived and she has suffered. I have the deepest sympathy for her. Moreover, as I've tried to make you understand before, every girl's a story. I've never met a woman who gave me more ideas. In fact I'm using something that I got from her in the sketch I'm writing now."

The sketch he spoke of was the next to the last in the Enchantment Hour series. Within the week the series was completed and we headed for New York. On my arrival I was swamped with accumulated work, and I did not even think of Reggie until one day he came to my office to get his final check.

Alice's boat was due that day.

"I thought you'd be down at the pier about now," I said.

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied. "I was going down to meet her, but I figure it this way: She'll be all tangled up with the customs people and a big mob on the dock, so I thought I'd wait and see her at home after things quiet down a bit."

Two days later I saw his name on a list of arrivals in Atlantic City, but he did not stay there long. Within the week he reappeared at my office, looking for another job, and he said not a word of having been away.

"How's Alice?" I asked.

"I guess she's all right. The fact is I haven't seen her yet. But I'm sure she's all right. I figured she'd have a lot of things to tell her family and relatives about and a lot of things to show them. I figured I'd leave her time to get settled down. Besides," he added, "I thought it would be good to follow your advice. You know—keep her puzzled."

"Oh, I see."

Almost a month later I had something to discuss with him and took him to a restaurant to lunch. Toward the end of the meal I broached the subject that I had in mind.

"I've been thinking," I said. "That scheme I suggested for captivating Alice didn't work out so well, did it?"

"Why, sure it did. What do you mean?"

"I just don't think you got your money's worth. How much did it cost you?"

"Just under a hundred dollars."

"Well, I want to pay you back."

"Why, you're crazy! Even if it didn't work out for Alice and me, it was a swell idea. Besides, I'm pretty sure I can use it in a sketch some time. It would make a fine plot—except that the ending's so flat."

THAT'S where you're wrong," I said. "The ending isn't flat. I wanted to explain that to you. You see, I felt a certain responsibility about this matter, so when you didn't go to see Alice, I did."

"You *did?*"

"I did. One thing led to another and we're going to be married next month. You brought us together, so we want you to be the first to know."

His eyes were bulging. In the corner of the left one a tear had formed and when he spoke there was a catch in his voice.

"Well, old man," he said, pumping my hand, "I certainly congratulate you. She's the loveliest—one of the loveliest girls I ever knew. There's something about her—I don't quite know how to describe it, but I—"

"I know what you mean," I told him. "I noticed it the night you introduced me to her. She's got a kind of misty radiance about her, isn't that it?"

But Reggie did not hear me. A change was coming over him. His shoulders stiffened, his neck extended like a turtle's, and his ears seemed to prick up.

It was the cigarette girl, a pretty little thing in a black dress with a short jaunty skirt. She had a saucy nose and very shapely legs.

THE END

Hollywood Divorce

A sapient survey of what it's like — from a star who knows by experience

"It was too dreadful, your Honor. I was cruelly embarrassed."

BY ANN SHERIDAN

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I'M quite aware that anything I say in this article, or anywhere else for that matter, will be used against me. (Hi, Mr. Nathan; hello, Mr. Winchell; get set, Harvard!) But that's true of what any Hollywood actress says. Especially when she is getting a divorce.

Now, I don't fancy myself as an authority on the subject, other than as a fairly typical local divorcee who has, along with all the other divorcees in town, taken her share of criticism. This isn't a discussion of the merits of divorce as an institution. Whether or not it's a good institution is a matter of opinion. But it does exist, and Hollywood takes more advantage of the fact, it would appear at first reckoning, than other communities.

As a matter for the record, the picture people don't actually average a greater number of divorces per year than comparable groups in other towns; it's just that Hollywood lives in the spotlight and the public takes more notice of each divorce as it comes up. But if the average were higher it wouldn't be surprising.

Actors and actresses work at a nerve-racking pace, lead an essentially phony off-stage existence, are usually so tired and temperamental they react to little annoyances which ordinary people would ignore, and live in a community notorious for wrecked marriages. For all that I like Hollywood a good deal, I have to admit it's a gossipy, self-centered little place, supposedly not too ideal as a setting for matrimony.

The Hollywood divorce, as the public sees it, follows certain inevitable patterns. There is the Extreme Mental Cruelty type, with the We Are Still Friends stipulation. In this, the couple meet on the night the decree is granted and throw a party to celebrate.

Although this is the rarest classification of all, it's the one everybody thinks of as average, because it sounds so typical of Hollywood. Underneath the seemingly casual set-up is usually the most dangerous story, because no star is going to put on such a ridiculous act unless she's trying to throw reporters off the true scent. The reasons for these divorces are sometimes very strange and interesting.

Next comes the Flying Divorce, usually picked up at Reno after six weeks' residence (between pictures), with a new marriage following in short order. The divorcee's motives here are obvious. The type is almost as rare as the one I mentioned first.

Finally we have the Ordinary, or He Nibbles When He Eats, classification. This divorce is sought in the Los Angeles courts, is usually uncontested, and the recipient of the decree must wait one year after the first answer is handed down before the thing is final and her liberty assured. Long in disrepute among top Hollywood personalities because of the necessity for bad local publicity, need of a really

good case, and that year of waiting, the Ordinary Divorce is rapidly gaining in favor.

There are two good reasons for this. Unhappy wives have discovered that here on their doorstep are a few judges who possess a "deep understanding" of Hollywood marital problems, so that it's no longer necessary to stir up caldrons of hate and muck for the edification of a critical (and ticket-buying) public. Furthermore, the year of waiting for the decree to be final has become, in many stars' minds, a kind of insurance against any rash step they might take.

Hollywood people are not entirely so blind to their own shortcomings as they used to be. They are often capable of analyzing themselves, if it's indicated, as flighty or impulsive. And it's nice to know that if they wake up one morning ready to wed some too cheerful guy because of his terrific rumba, they've got a ready-made out.

I put that other reason—about avoiding the muckraking—first because I really think it's the most important to most women. It sounds selfish, and part of it is. But an actress getting a divorce, on whatever grounds, has more than one reason for wanting to gloss over the real causes of her failure at matrimony.

There's been a good deal of criticism of the manner in which Hollywood people get a divorce, with special emphasis on the so-called "silly" reasons offered the judge in return for a decree. You get a picture of an actress, alternately testifying and posing for leg art, sitting on that stand and saying, "It was too dreadful, your Honor. He insisted on reading Mickey Mouse aloud to the servants. I was cruelly embarrassed."

"Granted," says the judge, and off goes another free woman.

The great majority of people, to whom marriage is still a sacred institution and divorce a dismal admission of failure, have a natural feeling of disgust at such light treatment of such dark tragedy.

WELL, I had such a divorce not quite two years ago. It took seventeen minutes, and among other things I was forced to say that my husband read newspapers when guests were visiting us, which embarrassed and hurt me. That was true. It's also true that there were other, deeper, personal reasons why my husband and I felt our marriage should be brought to an end.

But according to law you can't go into court privately, explain to a judge that you both have made irremediable mistakes, and that you want an end made to it. You have to prove that in some manner the other person has been insufferable.

You walk into that courtroom knowing that a nice guy has given you permission to drag his record out and call him names so you can be free. And you are hurt and miserable and you feel lost, because there's going to be a new hole in the future. If you're any sort of person at all, you think, What can I say that will tell the judge our marriage just can't go on, without implying publicly that my husband is what the Victorians called an "unmitigated cad"? After all, he might well be able to make a like indictment of me if he were doing this. And there is no answer.

But you do your best. You say he eats graham crackers in bed. You say he didn't like your friends, and said so in front of them. You say he complained about your hats. Then, with your eyes, you say to the judge, "It didn't work. Get it? We fell out of love, we stopped liking the same things, our careers got mixed up." And you hope that the Court understands.

That's one side of it.

THEN there's this business of careers. Surely the most bigoted will agree that any woman has a right to protect her livelihood (and, if she's decent, that of her husband) by what means she can. It's somewhat different in other towns. In any ordinary city, even if the garbage scattering is based on fact, the man is comforted by his fraternity brothers, and goes on selling machinery or whatever, while his wife wallows in vindication.

But people will believe anything of Hollywood inhabitants. And the star who is accused in the divorce court of being drunk or a wife-beater sometimes takes a rap at option time when it comes around again. Even the wife gets no sympathy. "She's probably no better than *he* is," says the public, sniffing.

In the face of such reactions, it would seem a good idea to point out certain ramifications of the California official attitude on the divorce question, as regards alimony and property settlements. So long as we're going into the commercial aspect whole hog, we may as well admit that there's a third—and most impressive—reason for the swing of Hollywood divorce-getters away from Reno to the Ordinary or Home arrangement.

Until a few years ago California believed in alimony for wronged wives, and in those days any wife driven to divorce was necessarily wronged. Lately, however, the property settlement has come into vogue, with alimony usually granted only while suit is pending. California state law stipulates that all property accumulated during marriage, with the exception of that acquired by gifts, devices, etc., is community in nature.

And in Hollywood an average star accumulates a lot of property in a very short time.

Of course this set-up has worked to the disadvantage of some famous people, notably male stars who have made mistakes in marriage and found getting rid of no longer compatible mates is a process all too expensive for their meager incomes of hundreds of thousands per year. Without trying, I can count five well known names in the picture business who have had to pay kings' ransoms for their releases from what seemed like impossible marriages. There was the leading man whose frau nearly ruined his life and in the process collected thousands of dollars; another actor tried for many years to set his wife up in luxury forever so he could marry the women he successively loved, only to lose every one of those women—and the wife never capitulated; one star escaped his marriage at the cost of most of his personal fortune; and one thought he was going to get an even break until his wife, in her divorce action, suddenly used as grounds a section of the California State Penal Code. The poor guy rushed to buy a copy of the Code, discovered the charge meant a form of physical cruelty, and knew he was sunk.

Physical cruelty in the Golden State, if proved, voids the accepted half-and-half property settlement. The gal can ask and get whatever she wants. How can she prove such an unprovable charge? Simple—she doesn't have to. Any star who would fight, and thus drag out, such testimony would commit professional suicide.

Still, these examples of acquisitiveness on the part of Hollywood wives are in the great minority. The professional Hollywood woman is coming home for her divorce because she wants to be fair to the man she's leaving.

IT would be silly to try to paint all such women as benevolent good sports. After all, there are the statistics. But it's also unintelligent to assume that movie stars marry and divorce with lighthearted disregard of values. If anything, an actress puts a greater emotional investment into romance and marriage than other women do, since her nervous system is attuned, because of her work, to emotion.

By the same token, she's more unstable than her sisters under the make-up. She falls in love harder and faster, and she suffers at least as much when the crack-up comes.

But, being an actress, she manages to hide what she feels in the presence of photographers and interviewers. For the sake of her career, she makes a point of immediately going out with other men, being seen in high spirits at various night clubs. This implies that she herself made the decision for divorce, instead of being left in the lurch by a husband who was tired of her.

In reality, some people complain about the cut-and-dried, pulled-punches Hollywood divorce for no other reason than that it deprives them of a really juicy morsel for discussion at Wednesday's sewing bee.

The women of the picture industry, conscious that they are living public entertainment on screen and off, nevertheless feel justified in saving their tears for a private showing.

THE END

She uttered a little cry. "Leave that alone. Give it to me!" Her eyes blazed.

WHO KILLED THIS WOMAN

Swiftly death strikes again in this tangled maze of mystery!

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 18

PART FOUR—THE END OF LAWYER WORTS

HERSCHMAN halted. They hadn't, of course. As a matter of fact, the existence of a possible Ballinger lockbox had, in the press of other details, slipped his mind. But he didn't admit it now.

"All that is being attended to," he said loftily. Then, in a different tone: "Why do you ask? What did madame keep in the lockbox?"

For answer he got another shrug.

When they were on their way back to New York, the inspector looked sideways at Spike and posed the inevitable "So what do you think?"

"I think she's lying."

"Why should she lie about anything we can check as easily?"

"I didn't mean her alibis. She's got them down pat. I think she's lying about that telephone call to Worts. I think she knows what madame wanted Worts for. She impresses me as one of these wise, shrewd creatures who know a lot and tell nothing and use what they know to their own advantage."

Herschman considered this. "You mean she's a blackmail artist?"

BY HARRIETTE ASHBROOK

At the word "blackmail" Spike felt something click in his memory. *Quit gagging and say what you mean — blackmail.* He remembered Pat's hard, mocking eyes over a tall cool glass in the café.

"Cagey old gal, that!" Spike parried.

When they got back to Headquarters an interesting report awaited them. It was from the detective who had been tailing Worts. At eight o'clock the previous evening Worts had gone out. He had taken a taxi in front of his house and had driven to an apartment building on West End Avenue. Foster, the detective following him, had entered the lobby close behind the lawyer, that he might overhear what apartment was requested of the girl at the switchboard. He pretended that he was simply waiting his turn to give a number of his own.

But his pretense wasn't good enough. Worts, as a lawyer, was more conversant with police methods than the ordinary layman. At any rate, he had turned on Foster and accused him of being just what he was. There was stout denial, but it was no go. Worts knew he was being tailed, and he turned and walked out of the lobby and called another taxi and headed for home. But he stopped once at a corner drugstore and put in a telephone call. Too cagey to do it from his home, where the wires might be tapped.

"And so," said the detective who was making the report, "I switched Foster out to Jersey at the French maid's house and put Levin onto Worts."

"Good," Herschman agreed.

"Foster went back later and talked to the telephone operator at the West End apartment, and he managed to get something interesting out of her. She says that she recognized Worts as a man who called there the previous night—that is, the night Mrs. Ballinger was murdered. She couldn't remember who he called on—there are two hundred tenants in the building—and she couldn't be sure of the time. Thought it was sometime between eight and nine in the evening."

Herschman looked at Spike. "Tuesday night." He turned back to the detective. "Get me a list of all the tenants at that address."

"Already have."

"Good boy!"

He seized the list, and he and Spike bent over it, their eyes searching the two-hundred-odd names. Adams . . . Coates . . . Fanning . . . Linscott . . . Palfrey . . . Ryder . . . Herschman put it down and shook his head. "Any of 'em mean anything to you?"

But Spike, too, shook his head. "Not a thing."

TELL me something, Pug. Do you think I'm a fool?" Spike stretched his feet out under the kitchen table and addressed himself to that remarkable creature of the cauliflower ear who combined in his bantamweight person the offices of cook, butler, valet de chambre, confidant, severest critic, and companion in general hell-raising.

Pug poured out the breakfast coffee for two, dished up ham and eggs, and considered the question judicially.

"No," he said. "I don't think. I know you are. Whaddaya been doin' now?"

"I haven't kept faith with Herschman. I haven't told him All. I've betrayed his trust in me. I've—"

"Well, don't bust out cryin' about it. Come on and spit it out in pappa's hand."

And so Spike told him. All. That was one of Pug's chief virtues. Telling him All was as safe as pouring it down the kitchen sink.

"So, you see," Spike said as he rounded off the story, "I'm not quite sure where I stand. I don't know whether I'm guilty of compounding a felony or being an accessory after the fact."

"Both, probably," Pug said complacently. "Whaddaya goin' to do about it?"

"I dunno. It looks as if Worts might be the guy. He killed Prentice Ballinger because Ballinger had found out about him and Mattie and was going to throw monkey wrenches into the works. And he killed her because, after twenty years, she up and gets nasty and decides—for some reason that we don't know now, of course—that she is going to tell on him.

"Tuesday night he went out at nine and he didn't get back until twelve, and he says it's none of our business where he was, when he knows damn well it is our business."

"Might be playin' for time," Pug suggested.

"Yeah. I thought of that. Playing for time in which to buy or bribe or bludgeon out an alibi for himself. He'll probably turn up in a few days and say he's sorry he was such an old meanie, and if Herschman will forgive him he'll come clean, and then he'll dish out an account of where he was last Tuesday night. All watertight. He's a lawyer and he probably knows plenty of guys he's got plenty on that he could use for witnesses."

"But how'd he get into the house? The Ballinger butler said there wasn't nobody called."

"Probably had a key. Make a note to find out if he has—or had. He's probably thrown it away by now."

"Why was all them clothes in the dresser drawers upset?"

"Yeah. I've been thinking about that, too. The way I figure it is that Mattie has for some twenty years been holding out the proof that Worts murdered her husband. Just what that proof consisted of, I don't know. An object, a document, something of the sort. Anyway, he tries to get it and doesn't succeed. But, knowing that she intends to make use of it, he kills her and then ransacks the place to find it."

"Sounds reasonable," Pug agreed. "But about them fingerprints. I mean there ain't bein' none."

"Ah," said Spike, "that's where you've got me. I can't—"

The end of the sentence was drowned by the ringing of the telephone. Pug answered it. "For you. The inspector. He's got a warrant out for your arrest."

(Continued on page 20)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

UNCANNILY, the wealthy widow Mrs. Moira Ballinger is found dead under almost exactly the same circumstances as those surrounding the alleged suicide of her husband, Prentice, twenty years before. Even the identical little silver-mounted revolver with "P. B." on the handle had been used. At the time of the tragedy Ollie, Moira's old sister, and Sarah Allred, the housekeeper, and Jennie, a parlormaid, were at the movies. The butler, cook, and another parlormaid were at home, but heard no shot during the fatal evening.

When Inspector Herschman of the New York Homicide Squad, and a brilliant young sleuth, "Spike" Tracy, arrive on the scene, they are met by Dr. Horatio Pennypacker, a queer bird, who hints that neither Prentice nor Moira Ballinger committed suicide. And he directs suspicion at James P. Worts, the family lawyer!

Patricia Ballinger, the youngest daughter, apparently a hard-boiled sophisticate, tells Spike that her brother David and her half brother Sidney were on the outs with their mother. Both needed money. Dave had married a poor Polish girl, Paula, and lived in poverty. Moira had wasted millions on a gigolo, Jeffrey Linscott.

With Patricia, the young sleuth visits Dave's home on the lower East Side. Dave is drunk and mutters about the crime: "Sure. Plugged right through the brains. Sure. I know. I was there."

But Spike defers any action. He and Herschman follow a suspicious trail left by Worts. They discover that Sidney visited his mother the afternoon of her death to borrow $100,000. Then they get on the trail of the French maid, Adrienne Cachin, who was with her sick sister in New Jersey during the hours in which Mrs. Ballinger's death took place.

There is something decidedly crafty and covert about the Frenchwoman. As the detectives are about to leave she inquires with some hidden purpose: "They have opened madame's lockbox at the bank?"

King Can
WHEELING STEEL
I am that versatile King Can—
Marvelous things I do for man
Like bringing food from far and near,
And then I quickly disappear!

I'm Every Place!

It's not a mirage . . . but real . . . fish fresh from a can! It's a miracle . . . but true . . . the way King Can furnishes food to man!

You may sit on the sands of the desert and taste of the treasures of ocean, river and sea. King Can will bring you silver sardines from off the coasts of North America . . . orange-pink salmon from icy blue rivers of Alaska . . . shrimp from warm bayous of Louisiana . . . tuna from the South Seas . . . oysters and crab meat from the salt water of the Atlantic.

King Can assures you that all sea food . . . under his protection . . . preserved in tin containers . . . has had to pass the most exacting and rigid tests of selection and inspection.

It's not magic . . . but science and successful invention which make possible the perfect preservation of foods from land and sea. The canning industry definitely deserves praise and acclaim for this great service. And Wheeling Steel has contributed DUCTILLITE . . . the most modern and superior of tin plates . . . to facilitate safe and economical packaging. It's Wheeling Steel!

"The Musical Steelmakers" —It's Wheeling Steel—return to the air October 6, 1940—Mutual Broadcasting System—from Coast to Coast

Ductillite

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WORLD'S FOREMOST TINPLATE

Copyright 1940 by Wheeling Steel Corporation, Wheeling, W. Va.

(Continued from page 18)

Spike took the call in the next room and Pug cleared away the breakfast dishes. In a few minutes Spike stood in the doorway, grinning.

"Worts has been quicker than I thought. Herschman says he called last night and said he'd be down at Headquarters this morning at eleven. S'long."

HERSCHMAN looked at his watch. "Eleven ten. He ought to be here now."

They waited. They waited a half hour. Then an hour.

"Holy cats!" Herschman broke out irritably. He reached for the telephone and barked into it: "Get a report from Levin on Worts. Find out why he isn't here."

But Levin didn't know. Levin was at his post, unobtrusively lounging in a half-concealed areaway of a vacant house across the street. "He ain't left the house since I came on duty this morning at eight. Mallory before me said he stayed home all night."

But a telephone call to Worts' house produced a curious discrepancy. The maid who answered the telephone said Mr. Worts was not in. No, sir; he hadn't been since last night sometime after dinner.

Finally, at one o'clock, the inspector paid a personal visit to the Worts house, and searched it thoroughly in spite of the protests of the now anxious maid that he wasn't there. And he wasn't. Not any place.

"How'd he give you two the slip?" Herschman snapped at Mallory and Levin.

"I swear I don't know, Inspector! Not by the front door or any of the entrances that give onto this street. These are the only entrances there are. The house backs up against that twenty-story apartment building on the next street, and there's no exit possible from the stone courtyard in the rear."

Herschman questioned the housekeeper again: "Did you see him going out?"

"No, sir, I didn't. I served him his dinner, and then afterward I went in and turned down his bed. But this morning it wasn't slept in and he wasn't any place about. And his office has been calling him twice."

Herschman went into a huddle with the head of the Missing Persons Bureau. Then they waited.

And while they waited they returned to the Worts house and figured out how the lawyer had slipped by the detectives posted across the street. His house was a three-story building, one of a line of ten old brownstone fronts, identical in appearance and of the same height. They mounted a steep flight of steps that led from the third floor onto the roof. They stood up and surveyed the rooftops. Worts' house was second from the end of the row of ten. Easy to climb over the small coping which separated roof from roof. Nine of the ten houses were occupied. The tenth, at the farthest end of the row, was vacant. The maid confirmed what they suspected.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Worts owns this house and the one next door, and the one clear down at the end of the row."

Easy to go up on the roof of house number two and climb over the roofs of those intervening until you reached house number ten. And when you got to house number ten, you, the owner who possessed the keys, let yourself in through the roof door and out through the front door.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the Missing Persons Bureau reported that they had found him. He was lying on a deserted road that formed a back alley to some old rotting unoccupied warehouses on the upper Manhattan side of the East River water front. It looked as if he'd been knocked down by a hit-and-run driver. There was a crack in his skull and his ribs were crushed in.

He was quite dead.

SOMETIME before midnight last night, I should say." The Medical Examiner had come from the police laboratory at Headquarters, reporting to Inspector Herschman's office.

Herschman looked at his watch. Just 8 P. M. Almost twenty-four hours since Worts had telephoned him. It must have happened soon after that. Or had it "happened"?

"The skull," the Medical Examiner continued, "was fractured, the bones of the rear crushed in. Likewise the ribs. What probably happened is that the car struck him, knocking him backward so that his head crashed against the curb. The ribs were broken as the car ran over the body."

Spike reached for one of the still damp prints which the police photographer had just brought in. It was a picture of the body of James P. Worts just as it had been found in the warehouse alleyway on the water front. He studied it closely for a few minutes.

"But," he said quietly as he handed the picture to Herschman, "there isn't any curb. It was in an alleyway. There aren't even any stones."

Herschman scrutinized the picture carefully, then nodded slowly. "Yeah. Hit-and-run all right, but the hitting and the running were at different times."

"That's the way I figure it. Worts got a sock on the back of the head that killed him, and then some one laid him out and ran over him to make it look like an accident. They ought to have picked on a street with curbing, though."

When the experts had gone and left them alone, Herschman looked at Spike quizzically. "Where's our fine theory about Worts being the guy we're after?"

"Up the flue, obviously."

"Got anything to put in its place?"

"I—" Spike broke off, hesitated. "N-no. I guess not. What are the reports on last night from the guys you got trailing Pennypacker, Miss Ollie, Adrienne Cachin, and Sidney Ballinger?"

"All of 'em were home all evening and all night. Checked and counterchecked."

Inwardly Spike cursed himself for a fool. *Sure. I know. I was there.* He wondered if David Ballinger was "there," too, last night in the alleyway behind the rotting warehouse. Why hadn't he told Herschman instead of playing about with that scandalous brat? He wondered where *she* had been the night before.

He rose, jerked on his hat. "I'm going for a walk."

PATRICIA answered his ring herself. He brushed past her and went into her living room, flung his hat into one chair and himself into another. She shut the door to the hall and followed him. She was dressed in blue canvas slacks and an old cotton shirt and her hair was twisted into a tumbled knot on top of her head.

"Do you mind," she said with heavy sarcasm, "if I just make myself at home?" And she sat down in the easy chair into which he had flung his hat. It promptly crushed into an uncomfortable ridge, but she kept her seat.

For a moment he sat there looking at her. Twenty she had said she was, but now she looked only a bit more than twelve or fourteen in those hoydenish clothes.

"Look, sister," he said finally. "You and I have got to have a talk about a few little things. Where were you last night?"

"Tell me something," she countered. "What do you do when people just tell you to go to hell and mind your own business?"

"I—" He hesitated, flicked an ash from his cigarette, chose his words carefully: "I trade horses."

"What do you mean?"

"Look, Toots. The other night you said something about horse trading. Remember? Only at that particular time you had me at a disadvantage. I didn't have a horse to trade with. Now—" He paused and blew a complacent cloud of smoke. "Now I have," he added quietly.

"I don't think you're funny." She rose to show him to the door.

"*Sit down!*" he roared.

She sat, albeit reluctantly and cautiously.

"I've got a horse, and it consists of just twelve words. *Sure. Plugged right through the brains. Sure. I know. I was there.* Twelve of 'em. Count 'em. So far, the only people who know anything about those twelve words are you and your sister-in-law and the guy that uttered them—and myself."

She spoke with a slow wariness: "You mean you haven't reported—told Inspector Herschman?"

"No—not yet." Heavy accent on the "yet."

She reached for a cigarette, lit it uneasily. She nodded her head slowly, ruefully. "I catch on."

"Then tell me where you were last night."

"I was at the movies. I went with Aunt Ollie."

A smart little gal. But not quite smart enough.

I went with Aunt Ollie. But he knew that she hadn't gone with Aunt Ollie, because Aunt Ollie had never left the building. There was Bernstein in the lobby and another fellow at the service entrance.

He nodded slowly. "So you went to the movies with Aunt Ollie? Very interesting—and very fortunate."

"Yes?" A single word, but filled with uneasiness, as if she sensed that she had made a mistake.

"Yes," he echoed; "because last night there was another murder."

"Who?" She tried to make it sound nonchalant.

"Worts."

"*Worts?*"

"Why not? Were you expecting some one else?" He was watching her closely. She was staring straight ahead, and in her eyes there was a blank questioning he could not fathom.

"What—what time was it? I mean, when did it happen?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because I want to know," she snapped. "Did you think I was just making light conversation?"

"But why's the *time* so important?"

"Because—" She broke off.

A DOOR had opened softly. Miss Ollie stood there now, framed in the doorway, little and old and frail, in a lavender dressing gown.

"Patsy dear," she said, "why don't you come to bed now? You were out so late last—" She stopped in sudden confusion. She had just caught sight of Spike. "Oh, I didn't realize you had a visitor." Then her old eyes peered closer and she recognized him. "But this is the young man from the police. What—"

"Yes, Aunt Ollie," the girl put in quickly. "Mr. Tracy. He—he just dropped in for—a little chat."

Aunt Ollie looked worried. "Have they—do you know yet who killed my sister?"

She addressed herself to Spike, but it was Patsy who answered: "No, darling; but they're still working on the case."

"But what do they want with you?"

"They don't. Mr. Tracy's not here on business. You don't understand, Aunt Ollie, that I'm grown up and have a fatal charm for men."

The old lady smiled. "Oh, I see," she said in amused comprehension. She went back into the bedroom.

When the door closed behind her and the two of them were alone once more, he rose and crossed the room and gazed out across the lights of Washington Square. The girl sat there, waiting for him to speak. Finally he turned and came over and stood in front of her and looked down at her upturned face.

"Perspiration Odor is a Handicap to any man's success!"

"And the tragedy is that a man may offend and never know it. I take no chances—and always use Mum!" says Mr. John David Sweeney, Jr., a crack salesman for Stewart-Warner Refrigerators.

"WITH business hard to get...with competition keen and active...no man can afford to offend! For perspiration odor is one fault no one ever forgives! That's why I play safe...with Mum!"

* * *

Why ever take this risk yourself? Why let perspiration odor handicap *your* business success, your social popularity? It is so easy to be safe...if only you use Mum every single day!

Right after every shower, dab a little Mum under each arm. It takes but 30 seconds... yet you definitely end perspiration odor all day long. Remember—a shower merely cares for *past* perspiration, but Mum vetoes risk of underarm odor to come.

Mum is a pleasant, bland cream deodorant, easy to use, effective in results. It won't irritate skin—can't harm your shirts. And Mum does not stop perspiration.

Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today. And whether you are starting a business day or a social evening, make sure you will never offend...with MUM!

MUM

takes the Odor out of Perspiration

[Socially or in business—Play safe with Mum!]

Your morning shower takes care of yesterday's perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come—carries on where your bath leaves off.

The people you meet in business—and your family and friends—like you better when you avoid risk of underarm odor with Mum.

"You *did* go out last night. Where were you?"

She rose and faced him. "I won't tell you." No flippancy, no smart-aleck defiance, no evasion. Just a hard rocklike firmness. "I won't tell you."

His hand made a lightning dart, snatching the letter that protruded from one of the patch pockets of the old cotton shirt.

She uttered a little cry and grabbed his hand. "Leave that alone. Give it to me!" Her eyes blazed. She struggled. She fought. He laughed, and she sank her teeth into the back of his hand. He jerked it away.

"You little devil!"

"Give me that letter."

"Not a chance."

"Give it to me!" She still fought on, struggling, biting. But a spitting young bobcat is no match for a strong young bull. He threw her off and snatched up his hat.

"You've no right—you're nothing but a—a thief—" She was panting.

"Well," he said lightly, and grinned irritatingly as he put on his hat and opened the door. "You can always report me to the police, you know."

YOU were drunk," Pug said.

"Drunk as hell."

"Impossible. It was only about ten when I left her apartment, and you can't get that drunk and then sober up again so quick."

"Say, what time do you think it is?"

"I'll bite. What time is it?"

"It's three o'clock in the afternoon."

"Oh, good Lord!" Spike sprang from the bed. "Why didn't you wake me?"

"I did, twice—when Herschman called. Once about eight and another time about ten this morning, and you said to tell him to go to hell. He was sore."

Spike paused as he pulled on a sock. "Pug, not only am I all the things we agreed on before, but I'm now a thief in addition."

"What's the swag?"

Spike reached for his coat across a chair by the bed, and took from an inner pocket a letter and tossed it over to Pug. "It was sticking up out of her pocket, and I could see the last line or so and the signature, and I played a long shot and figured it might be interesting. It was."

Pug wrinkled his brows and breathed heavily. His erstwhile career as a bantamweight fighter had not left much time for the higher literary life. Reading was work.

Dear M'lle. Patricia—Permit me to extend to you my condolence in your great grief at losing in so tragic a fashion your dear mother. There is much mystery in Madame's death and men from the police have been here to ask me questions. But I, of course, have told them nothing. Always, my dear M'lle., I will be as discreet for your sake as I have been for Madame's. But I am beginning now to be old and I have a longing for my own country. My sister and I have a desire to buy us a small home in the country near Grenoble where we were born, and spend the rest of our days there. But, alas, as M'lle. well knows, we are but poor people. It would mean great happiness to us if M'lle., now that she is to be one of the heirs of the great Ballinger fortune, could see fit to reward a faithful servant who had for many years the confidence of Madame, your mother. And also, I may say, your dear father.

Respectfully yours,

ADRIENNE CACHIN.

Pug laid the letter down and wrinkled up his nose suspiciously. "Don't smell so good," he said.

"Superrefined blackmail. Something or other shocks, frightens, appalls, scares, and alarms young Patsy a lot more than the mere murder of her parents, and I wish I knew just what it was."

"Well," Pug suggested, "you can always ask this here Adrienne."

"Sure. You can ask her but you can't make her answer."

"Well, then, maybe you better ask Herschman."

"He doesn't know. Pug, I'm afraid the inspector is just an old unchivalrous fogy who doesn't quite—"

"Who's an old fogy?"

Both Spike and Pug jumped. Spike whirled around and faced the intruder.

"How did you get in here?"

"Walked in. Through the door."

"Now, now, Inspector, don't be sarcastic. What's been happening?"

"Plenty."

"Such as?"

Herschman sank down on the edge of the bed. He sighed heavily and his shoulders sagged with weariness. "I was up most of the night," he explained. "I got a call a little after ten last night from Foster."

"Foster? That's the dick that's tailing Adrienne Cachin?"

"Yeah."

Casually—oh, so casually—Spike's hand reached out and retrieved a letter from the bedside table and slipped it into his pocket.

"At about eight o'clock Adrienne Cachin comes out of her house and starts walking," Herschman told him. "And she walks and walks. And every once in a while she takes a paper out of her purse and looks at it as if she were following directions. Foster followed her, and pretty soon they were down on the water front, where there are a lot of warehouses but hardly any human beings. And then, just as Foster was passing an alleyway, he got it. Right behind the ear, he thinks.

"Anyway, the next thing he knows, he wakes up and looks at his watch, and it's past ten o'clock. He must have been out over an hour. And of course there's no sign of Adrienne Cachin. There's no sign of any one. So he picks himself up and finds his way to the nearest telephone and calls me."

"Smart dame, that Adrienne," Spike commented as Herschman paused to light a cigar. "Gave him the slip. But obviously she must have had a confederate. Did you check up on—"

"Of course, of course," Herschman broke in impatiently. "Pennypacker and Sidney Ballinger and all the servants in the Ballinger household accounted for. None of the lot were anywhere near Jersey City last night. I tell you, there's some one else in this case. Some one we haven't got onto yet. There—"

The inspector went on and on. But Spike wasn't listening. He was thinking of a haggard face swaying in the half light of an East Side tenement, and a thick alcoholic voice: "*Sure. Plugged right through the brains. Sure. I know. I was there.*"

Spike stood up. "We're going to Adrienne Cachin's."

Herschman laughed. "Bright lad. The boy wonder. Why, I'd never have thought of that in a thousand years."

He drew something from his pocket and handed it over to Spike. It was a photograph, the kind made by police departments at the scene of the crime. Spike took one look at it and dropped down heavily on the nearest chair.

"Found about ten this morning," Herschman said. "At the foot of the Palisades, near Hackensack. The M. E. said death probably occurred sometime around midnight last night."

"Fall over the cliff?"

"Maybe. Only the M. E. said there was a good hard blow on the back of the head. Just like Worts."

Spike studied the photograph of the dead body of Adrienne Cachin.

IT was five days after the murder of Moira Ballinger, and Inspector Herschman and Spike sat in the inspector's office and looked gloomy. Checkmated. Stymied. Up against a stone wall.

Spike was torn by the anguish of moral guilt. Just a born fool, he was. To still the aching of his conscience, he plunged abruptly into practical details.

"Let's see, now. Have we checked everything? No. 1, the Ballinger will. Let me have a look." And he searched out a paper from among the files on the desk. It was a copy of the original which was in the safe at the office of the late James P. Worts.

He glanced at the date. Twenty-five years ago. Right after the Cinderella marriage. More than a year before David was born. Five years before Patsy. His eyes traveled slowly down the page. Remarkably simple, it was, for a man with such a large fortune. But that was because there was only one legatee, who got everything. His wife. ". . . and in the event of her death . . . shall be divided equally among my son, Sidney Ballinger, and whatever issue I may have of the said Mathilda Grable Ballinger. . . ." *Whatever issue.* That would be David and Patsy.

Sure. Plugged right through the brains. Sure. I know. I was there.

Spike shoved the will back in place among the papers on the desk.

"Look, Inspector. Did you check up on young Patsy Ballinger the night her mother was murdered?"

"Sure. She was down at a party in the Village all evening. There were a dozen people to swear to it. She never got home until around two in the morning. She's out, anyway."

"Yeah," Spike said, "she's out. How about personal belongings of both Moira Ballinger and Worts?"

"Nothing missing from the Ballinger house or from her bedroom. Fifty, sixty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry in a case on the dresser, but it's all there and accounted for."

"So that whoever messed up those dresser drawers hunting for something wasn't hunting for jewelry."

"No, not jewelry. You know, the way I figure it," Herschman said, "is that this dame Mattie had something on some one. A paper or a document or something of the sort. Something that could put 'em in pretty hot water. And the guy tries to get it from her, and doesn't succeed, and so he kills her and tries to hunt for it.

"Then he suddenly realizes that he has left his fingerprints all over the place. Just where in particular he can't remember. So he gets a rag and wipes the whole place clean. Every damn surface in the room. Even the gun. Then he picks up her dead hand and presses it against the gun to make it look like suicide. Just like he did twenty years ago, when he killed her husband. That's the way I figure it."

"Yeah," Spike agreed tonelessly; "that's probably the way it was." But he was thinking: Twenty years ago David Ballinger was less than five years old. A child couldn't . . . It was ridiculous. But he had said, "*Sure. . . . I was there.*"

"Damn!"

SPIKE reached for the silver-mounted initialed revolver that lay neatly tagged among the exhibits on Herschman's desk. P. B.—the initials of Prentice Ballinger. "Old P. B." The unfilial brat! He replaced the gun on the desk.

"How about Worts' stuff? Anything there?"

"Yeah. The key to Moira Ballinger's lockbox at the Cass National. Got to get a court order to open it. The D. A.'s office is taking care of that end and we'll have it soon."

Spike lit another cigarette and got up and started pacing the floor. He was reviewing in his mind the interview they had had the afternoon before with Marie Dubonnet, widowed and semi-invalid sister of the murdered Adrienne. Brief, because the woman really was ill with a chronic heart ailment. The dead Adrienne had provided for her financially, and a neighbor, generously paid, had taken care of her. She could only weep and moan.

No, Adrienne had told her nothing

Expected guests are doubly welcome —TELEPHONE FIRST!

WHEN you're vacationing in the car, it's always a temptation to drop in and surprise old friends along the way.

But don't make it too great a surprise. *Telephone ahead to let them know you're coming.* Your welcome will be warmer because you're *expected.* You'll enjoy the visit more.

And remember, there are many other ways in which Long Distance telephone service can contribute pleasure and peace-of-mind to your vacation.

The Bell System cordially invites you to visit its exhibits at the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco, California.

Bill *Yesterday*

Bill never gave much of a hoot about what brand of whiskey was served him . . . never asked for any by name . . . he liked 'em all pretty well. But—

Bill *Today*

Bill was at a party today . . . had a Paul Jones highball. "This," said Bill, "is swell! It's *dry*—not sweet—nice and zesty . . . *in fact*, it's the best highball I ever had!" So—

Bill *Tomorrow*

Tomorrow Bill's going to buy some Paul Jones. And will he be surprised! He thinks Paul Jones is expensive! But—in spite of its "expensive" *dry* tang and rich bouquet, in spite of the fact that it's *all* whiskey, in spite of the fact that the *same* Paul Jones used to cost *lots more*—Bill will find that Paul Jones is now so inexpensive that he'll buy it every time!

TRY

Paul Jones

IT'S DRY... AND WHAT A BUY!

All whiskey. A blend of straight whiskies 90 Proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

—nothing. She had just said she was going out for a little walk, that she would be back soon. And then she hadn't come. And yet, the inspection of the Dubonnet house had not been entirely fruitless.

Lying now on the inspector's desk was the envelope—white, oblong, utterly undistinguished—with the name and address of Adrienne Cachin in care of Marie Dubonnet scrawled in an undistinguished handwriting. But there was the postmark. New York, June 3. Just two days ago. She would have gotten it the day she was killed. But there was nothing in it that resembled a letter.

And there was the information volunteered by the neighbor that Adrienne had always paid her in cash, but that once she had seen her with a bankbook of the New York Bank for Savings. They had found the deposit book later among her belongings in the Ballinger house, and had checked it with the bank. In nineteen years Adrienne Cachin had deposited, at fairly regular intervals, $63,000. More than three thousand dollars a year! On the salary of a lady's maid for a woman who notoriously underpaid her servants.

The little house in Jersey City was no mean hovel, but a trim, well equipped cottage, all paid for, with the deed in the name of Marie Dubonnet.

Sixty-three thousand dollars in the bank! ". . . But, alas, as M'lle. well knows, we are but poor people . . ."

A man from the outer office opened the door.

"Miss Patricia Ballinger to see you, Inspector."

She was already through the door and Herschman had risen and was shaking hands. "And you remember Mr. Tracy?" the inspector said, turning toward Spike.

The girl slowly raised her eyes to his. "Oh, yes," she said quietly. "I remember. He was the chap who—who was with you that first day."

Spike felt something right itself inside and he sank back into his chair.

SHE seemed very calm. When she spoke, her voice was cool and steady, without her usual flippancy, and she addressed herself to Herschman rather than to Spike. "Inspector, I think things have gone far enough. Three people have been murdered."

"Well, and what are *you* going to do about it?"

"I'm going to tell you something that I don't guess I have a right to hold back any longer."

She paused. Her fingers held the edges of her handbag rather too tightly, but that was the only sign of any emotion.

"You mean, Miss Ballinger, that you know who is responsible for these three murders?"

"No. I mean I know things so—so suspicious that I must tell. I wouldn't do it; only I think—I mean, if a person should go suddenly insane—a person who has had some great hardship or something of the sort—and they go insane, then sometimes do things they wouldn't—and unless they're stopped they just keep on and on?" It was a question, an appeal rather than a statement.

"Yes, quite true."

"Well, then—" She was driving herself on toward something from which she recoiled, yet must face. "Well, it's about—"

She stopped.

"Yes?" the inspector said impatiently.

But she didn't answer. She didn't go on. She had risen to her feet. She was looking at something on the desk—her eyes wide with question.

"W-where did you get *that?*" She pointed to the silver-mounted pistol with the initials of Prentice Ballinger engraved upon it.

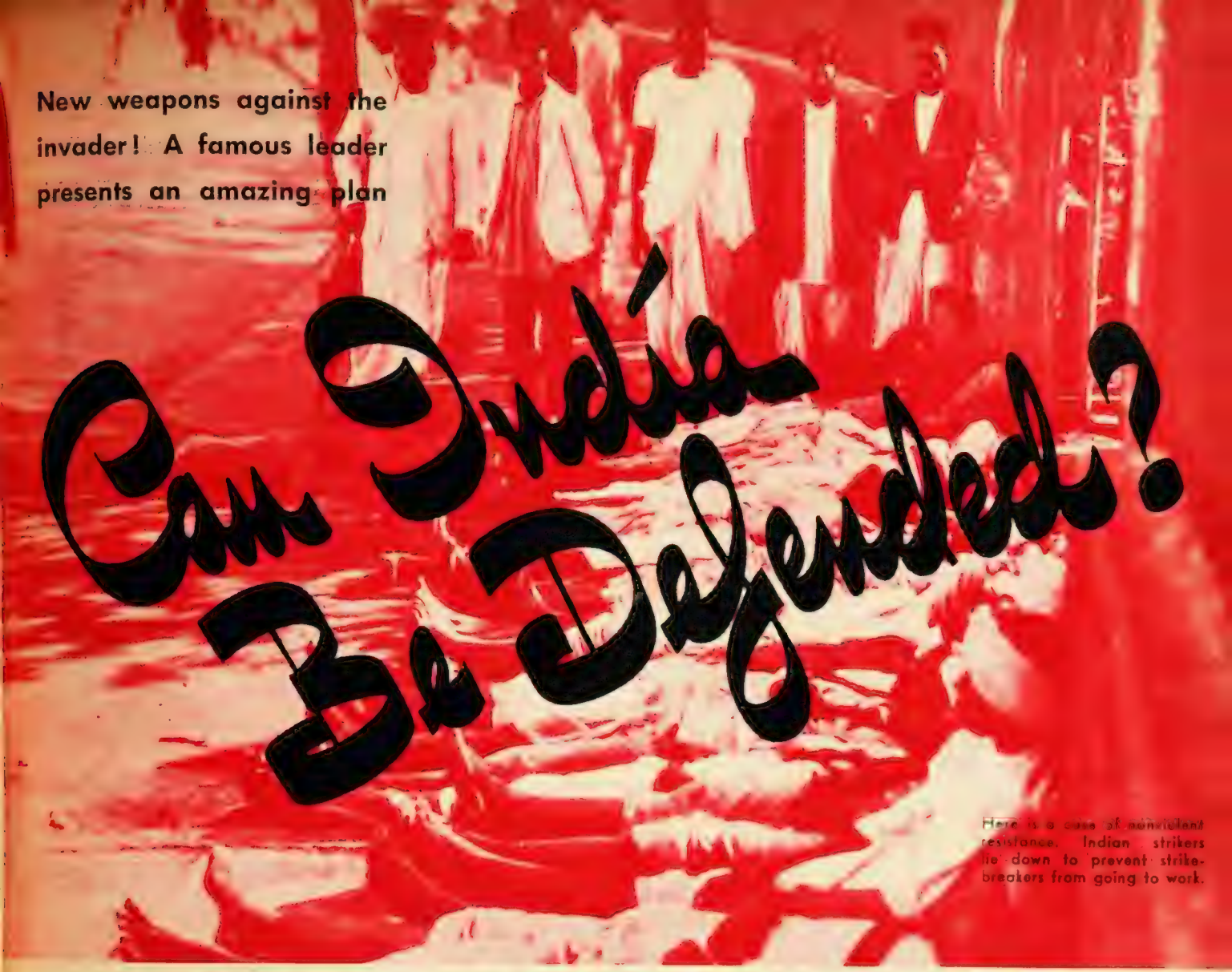
"That, Miss Ballinger, is the revolver that killed your mother and—"

The sentence was cut short by the girl's scream. A little scream, not loud, quickly stifled by frightened hands across a trembling mouth.

Why has the sight of the revolver so upset Patricia? Will it affect what the hard-boiled young lady has to tell the detectives? What does she actually know of the three violent deaths? You will be more than astonished by the strange developments in next week's Liberty.

New weapons against the invader! A famous leader presents an amazing plan

Can India Be Defended?



Here is a case of nonviolent resistance. Indian strikers lie down to prevent strike-breakers from going to work.

BY MAHATMA GANDHI

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IN recent months the German armies have swallowed vast new stretches of territory with a lightning speed. France has fallen and has been ruthlessly divided by the terms of the armistice. For the first time in more than a hundred years, England faces an enemy across the narrow waters of the Channel, and faces that enemy alone. The morrow, perhaps, will bring invasion by water and by air, and the very heart of the vast Empire may go down in bloody defeat.

But of course it is impossible to foretell the events of tomorrow, just as it was impossible to foretell the events of the past several months. One thing is clear: that new situations and urgent new problems are arising for all lands that in the past have been bound to Britain. These problems will weigh more heavily on India, perhaps, than on any other country. India, therefore, must consider most seriously indeed the possibilities contained in the immediate future.

There are three at least that stand out. One is that England will win. The next is that England and Germany will fight each other to a standstill, and that a peace of sheer exhaustion will be signed, leaving the Empire completely or virtually untouched. And the third possibility is that England will be defeated, and that her conquerors will set to work to break up the Empire.

As the richest and, in terms of profitable exploitation, most desirable part of the British Empire, India must give consideration to this third possibility.

Would India defend herself against the conqueror? And — more pertinently, perhaps—could India defend herself?

But first let me say this. The theoretical point has been raised that a third nation might help India to win her independence from Great Britain — say Germany or Russia. Would India accept that help?

No. We must find ourselves through our own inner strength; otherwise we must fall. Any structure built with outside help must of necessity be weak. India must win her future alone, and stand alone.

That has a direct bearing on the questions I have raised about India's inclination and ability to defend herself. For these questions are not of necessity related only to the outcome of the present war. The questions would apply just as much if, say, there had been no war and if England had granted India full and complete independence. For India might then be just as liable to aggression as if she were seized as part of a defeated British Empire.

I can best answer the question of India's ability to defend herself by referring to a letter I received recently from America. My correspondent asks:

"Suppose a free India adopts satyagraha [civil disobedience] and nonviolence as an instrument of national policy, how would she defend herself against probable aggression by another state? What kind of resistance could and would be offered the invader? What would India's actions be to meet the invading army at the frontier? Or would she withhold all action until after the invader

had taken over the whole country?

My answers, obviously, can be only speculative. There is a very big "if" involved — that India would adopt civil disobedience and nonviolence as her national policy. But let us suppose that such is the case. Let us suppose that there is no Indian army, no defensive fortifications, no rifles, cannons, shells, airplanes, tanks. And let us suppose that India stands entirely by herself and that the vast and powerful armies of a modern edition of Nero descend upon her. What would happen?

India would defend herself in this way.

The representatives of the free Indian State would let the invader in without opposition. But they would tell the invader and all his forces at the frontier that the Indian people would refuse to co-operate in any work, in any undertaking. They would refuse to obey orders despite all threats and despite all punishments inflicted upon them.

That is civil disobedience. That is India's defense.

You may fancy that the hardened and ruthless invader would laugh at such measures. If he had conquered armies who opposed him with steel and cannons and warplanes, surely it would be ridiculously easy for him to conquer this unarmed army! But India is a land of millions, and if they stand idle the whole country stands idle. Nothing can be done with it; it is worthless. Civil disobedience, the invader would soon find, is a very powerful weapon indeed.

And there is another measure of defense that India could adopt. Trained in the art of nonviolent resistance, the Indian people would offer themselves unarmed as fodder for the aggressor's cannons. They would tell the invader that they preferred death to submission. These brave words have been spoken in other lands; in India they would be spoken with all their true meaning, and spoken in the one great overwhelming voice of the masses. By the million, India's people would offer their breasts to the invader's bullets. And this would be a terrifying spectacle—and one of the highest moral stature, ennobling those who took part in it.

The underlying belief in this philosophy of defense is that even a modern Nero is not devoid of a heart. The spectacle—never seen before by him or his soldiers—of endless rows of men and women simply dying, without violent protest, must ultimately affect him. If it does not affect Nero himself, it will affect his soldiery. Men can slaughter one another for years in the heat of battle, for then it seems to be a case of kill or be killed. But if there is no danger of being killed yourself by those you slay, you cannot go on killing defenseless and unprotesting people endlessly. You must put down your gun in self-disgust.

Thus in the end the invader must be beaten—by new weapons, peaceful weapons, the weapons of civil disobedience and nonviolent resistance.

Practically speaking, there would be probably no greater loss in life than if forcible resistance were offered to the invader. How many men have been killed in Holland, Belgium, and France? Hundreds of thousands? Would the invading armies have shot down hundreds of thousands of men in cold blood if they had simply stood passively before them? I do not think so.

I have drawn no impossible picture. History is replete with instances of individual nonviolent resistance of the type I have mentioned. The history of the Christian religion abounds in examples of men and women who have laid down their lives without murmur and without forcible resistance as martyrs for their faith. The histories of all religions offer similar examples.

There is no warrant for saying or thinking that a group of men and women cannot act as one in offering nonviolent resistance. Indeed, the sum total of the experience of mankind is that men somehow or other live on. From which fact I infer that it is the law of love that basically rules mankind. For if hatred were the basic law, would not the human race have perished to the last man ages ago?

Yes—if India adopts the path of nonviolence, she can defend herself, and she can win!

THE END

Always refreshing!
Because it's filled with flavor through and through
You'll get real enjoyment for a longer time from delicious Beech-Nut Gum...because the finest flavors are mixed through and through. Try all 7 delicious varieties.
Full-flavored Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum
4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM
One of America's GOOD habits
Beech-Nut Gum
DON'T MISS THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of New York, stop at Canajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

The tennis Racket— can it be broken up?

Jack Kramer, a picked junior player who was taken on the United States Davis Cup team.

Champion-making or purge? A provocative look at what's behind the Junior Davis Cup

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE last challenge round at Wimbledon in 1937, when we won the Davis Cup, resulted in a gate of approximately $30,000, which we split with Great Britain. The take at the National Championships at Forest Hills that year was about $60,000, of which one half went to the West Side Tennis Club and one half to the U. S. L. T. A. The Association's total revenue that year was between $60,000 and $70,000, a tidy sum. What happens to it all?

No actual statistics are ever made public, but most of it is used to support the various legitimate activities of the Tennis Association. Besides paying the office expenses of the Association, funds have to be found to send champions abroad to play at Wimbledon and Paris, to cover expenses of the Davis and Wightman Cup teams, and to generally promote the game in this country. Since 1936 a new development has been introduced, and funds are allocated annually to the junior players in the United States.

Though still in its infancy, Junior Davis Cup tennis is an idea originated by Captain J. H. Bishop of Culver, Indiana, supported by President Holcombe Ward of the Tennis Association. From nothing, the number of Junior Davis Cup squads had grown by the end of last year to 225. Each squad has from six to eight promising juniors, and there are squads in cities as far apart as Hartford, Connecticut, and Portland, Oregon.

Now, what is the purpose of Junior Davis Cup tennis? According to officials, it exists to give young players good coaching, thus to develop future champions, and to teach them sound sportsmanship.

When the question of developing new champions comes up, I always think of an incident that happened in London some years ago, which, so far as I know, has never been told. Junior Coen, a protégé of Big Bill Tilden, was then well on his way to fame, for he had already played on the Davis Cup team at the age of seventeen. At the moment he was meeting Colonel H. C. Mayes, the Canadian, in a tournament at the Queens Club. Now, Mayes was plenty tough. That very winter he had defeated Lacoste, the French star and Wimbledon champion, and had taken Cochet to five sets on the Riviera.

Playing well, Coen took the first set. Then Mayes, in superb form, swept through the second set and had the match well in hand.

Came the third set. Big Bill, setting in the front row of the stands, began coaching the youngster. Directing the tactics of the match, he told Coen how to play his opponent, what shots to make, and generally, it seemed to some of the spectators, controlled play. Mayes from 0-4 made a plucky stand but was beaten. Afterward he was bitter against Tilden.

"You see, Tunis, in that last set I was matching my tired brain against Coen's tired brain—plus Tilden's fresh brain. Too much. Couldn't do it. But mark my words; that boy Coen will never be a great player. Champions aren't made that way. No, sir! Sometime when he gets out on the Centre Court alone, without

Tilden to help him, he'll go to pieces. Wait and see."

Where is Master Coen now? Darned if I know; do you?

Speaking of that, where are Donald Strachan and Sandy Weiner and all the rest of the troupe of future champions-to-be who were coached and helped by the greatest player of lawn tennis the world has ever seen—Bill Tilden? By all rights, they should be champions now. Are they? Well, you know the answer.

MAYES was dead right. This business of spoon-feeding youngsters doesn't produce world-beating stars. Because tennis is like life—amazingly so. Kids thrive on adversity. If you have the stuff, hell and high water won't keep you down. How did Tilden get to the top? By fighting his way up in the face of difficulties which would have stopped any sixteen ordinary gents; and when, after he became champion, he got blood poisoning and lost a finger on his playing hand, he adapted his game and actually became better than ever. Quit? Not Bill! How did Vinnie Richards get there from a poor boy in the sand lots? Same way. And Vines, or Budge, or any of the great players? They came up the hard path. They got there on their own. So did some of our best players of yesteryear, men like Billy Johnston and Maurice McLoughlin, who, like Vines and Budge and Dave Freeman, learned their tennis on the public courts. Coaching? Certainly coaching helped. But they pulled themselves up at first by themselves. Times change, but guts, fight, and courage never go out of date.

While coaching and help in moderation from competent professionals is valuable for the young player, overcoaching can ruin a promising star. Frankie Parker was a kid in short pants when he was taken in hand by Coach Mercer Beaseley, who traveled with him from tournament to tournament, coaching, advising, sitting on the side lines, taking notes, and analyzing his opponents until the wretched lad must have been dizzy. After almost ten years of super-concentrated coaching, Frankie last fall managed to reach the fourth round of the National Singles Championships, where he fell to Gil Hunt, ninth ranking player, in straight sets. Which would seem to indicate that Master Frankie had better begin looking for a job.

Nothing herein stated is to be construed as a knock at competent tennis instruction or competent instructors, of whom there are hundreds throughout the country. They have done much for the game, helped hundreds of poor players to improve, taught correct stroke production, been constructive factors in the sport. But when it comes to turning out champions in mass production, my conviction is that they cannot do it, and no one else can either.

Further, my guess is that no amount of coaching can give a youngster the reflexes of Perry, the smash of Vines, or the service of Budge. You're born with these things, or at least the ability to make them. Isn't it possible that a good swift kick in the lower region is more likely to turn out a champion than the spoon-feeding they receive nowadays? This isn't true only of tennis, it's true of every sport. It's the reason the baseball players of the big leagues laugh at the baseball "schools" which are spattered all over Florida in spring.

Yes, retort the tennis fathers, but you don't understand. Turning out champions isn't the whole idea. We have another purpose in this Junior Davis Cup tennis than just the development of champions. "In coaching Junior Davis Cup squads," says President Ward, "good sportmanship is emphasized." Further to emphasize it, a beautiful gift was passed out to the boys—a gold-and-green-enameled pin on which were a pair of crossed rackets. Above them were the initials J. D. C. S. and underneath were the letters U. S. L. T. A. Every youngster making the Junior Davis Cup Squad received one, and last summer over three hundred were passed out.

Anybody who spent time around the tennis circuit in the summer of 1939 must have felt the need of sportsmanship, and not among the youngsters either. At Longwood in July, Gene Mako, after being badly trimmed in the finals of the singles by Adrian Quist the Australian, refused to go through with the doubles match teamed with Frank Parker.

Then there was that other match during which a well known player, who seemed headed for defeat, interrupted the play on a flimsy excuse. When he returned to the court some minutes later, his opponent was stiff and cold, and player number one was able to pull up and win.

YES, there's room for improvement in sportsmanship. But here again it's hard to convince me you can teach sportsmanship to youngsters by pinning badges on them and telling them to go out and be nice little boys. My belief is that a lad of eighteen knows what corner cutting is as well as any one. If he's the sort of gent who interrupts play until his adversary is stiff and cold, all the teaching and all the badges on earth won't be of much use.

Further, I'm convinced President Ward and the reverend fathers of the United States Lawn Tennis Association know this as well as you do.

Then what's all the shooting about? Why the spending of thousands of dollars and much time and effort by Tennis Association officials on Junior Davis Cup tennis?

Right here is where I let myself out on a limb, a nice long limb. You can laugh at me as naïve if you like, but I think there's an idea back of this Junior Davis Cup tennis. I believe they are working on a plan to clean up the game. They haven't told me this. They haven't even admitted it. But my conviction is that the United States Lawn Tennis Association is trying to regulate the sport.

For some years now, and certainly this isn't news, big-time tennis has been infested by a handful of spoiled youngsters, a few of whom were getting a meager livelihood out of the sport for six months in the year. They lived in hopes that some promoter would waltz up to them and hand out a fat contract for a winter cross-country tour. The tennis fathers made numerous attempts, some not too robust, to break up the racket. They made numerous rules, but rules can usually be evaded. Now they've gone back to fundamentals.

In drawing up the plans for Junior Davis Cup tennis, they placed responsible chairmen at the head of the sport all over the country. These chairmen are powerful. They are the ones who choose the boys to go ahead. Suppose they picked sportsmen! Suppose they completely overlooked the ones who were simply on the make! This idea is only three years old. Give it a few more years. Wait until the boys who have been carefully picked begin to work to the top. No, coaching won't make them Tildens. Obviously, all of them won't come through. But a few, one or two, will. The point is, they are hand-picked. They won't be like some of the tennis bums of the past fifteen years.

LAST September the best of these junior players were assembled during the challenge round at the Merion Cricket Club, near Philadelphia. They were given some concentrated coaching and help by professionals and older players. Then they were taken to see the matches against the Australians. That's the real thing. These boys saw foreign stars with different types of play in action against men they knew. In this group were several youngsters. They were rich and poor: Seymour Greenberg of Chicago, who learned his game on the public courts of Chicago and is the Public Parks champion, college boys like Edward Alloo and Billy Gillespie, Westerners like Dave Freeman and Eastern boys like Charley Mattmann. Two of the players, Welby Van Horn and Jack Kramer, were taken on the United States Davis Cup team, and the latter competed against the Australians in the doubles of the challenge round.

Who does the picking? The chairman of the squad in each city. These men are former players, men like Alrick Man of New York and Captain J. H. Bishop of Culver, Indiana, who with President Ward originated the whole idea. They'll make mistakes. They'll let in a few of the chiselers. That's inevitable. But gradually that gang will be weeded out of tennis. New faces and a new spirit in the sport will appear. If the United States Lawn Tennis Association means business, and I'm just sap enough to believe it does, there's a different era on the sporting horizon. The day of the tennis bum is over.

THE END

On tour in Canada and the United States, the Queen charmed every one.

The War Days of Queen Elizabeth

BY MAVIS COX

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

SOON after breakfast on Tuesday, December 5, 1939, King George's car drove through the gates of Buckingham Palace and the sentries presented arms. The royal standard sank slowly out of sight, and after a pause of a few minutes the Queen's standard came into view and opened to the morning breeze. This was the only outward official sign at the palace of one of the most important events of the war. King George VI was fulfilling a cherished wish to pay his first visit to his troops and airmen in France. It also had a domestic significance for himself and the Queen. It was the first occasion since they had been married on which His Majesty had journeyed abroad without her.

With the King's departure from British soil, new responsibilities descended on Queen Elizabeth's shoulders, even though arrangements had been made for him to deal with state business while he was in France.

Every moment of the days he spent there was taken up with inspections and visits to various parts of the line, yet in the evenings when he returned to his billet, dog-tired and ready to

The heart-warming record of a courage the world will remember, whatever England's future may be

" turn in," he always managed to find time to write the Queen a long and detailed account of all he had done and seen.

These letters often ran to half a dozen pages. They were always on the Queen's breakfast table the following morning. The R. A. F. was responsible for this feat.

The King's return was kept as secret as his departure. Returning to a south coast port in the destroyer which took him across to France, he jumped eagerly into the car which was awaiting him, anxious to reach Buckingham Palace as quickly as possible and rejoin the Queen. They had much to tell each other over tea in Queen Elizabeth's private sitting room.

King George's birthday was on December 14. Because the detonations might be mistaken for anti-aircraft gunfire or for bombs, the King ordered that no salutes should be fired in Hyde Park to celebrate. The Queen sent out invitations for a family luncheon at Buckingham Palace, at which were present Queen Mary as the principal guest, the Dukes and Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent, the Princess Royal, Princess Victoria Helena, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone. The Princesses had not yet come south from Scotland and so were not able to be present. More letters and telegrams of congratulation arrived at the court post office than in any other year, with the exception of the year of the coronation. Telegrams arrived from the rulers of every country in the world except Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia. Notable among the messages received was one from the ex-Kaiser.

DURING lunch the King and Queen decided that it might be fun if some of them went to a cinema in the West End. They chose the Marx Brothers picture, A Day at the Circus. Both Their Majesties are Marx Brothers fans and never have missed one of their films; many of them they have seen twice.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent decided to accompany them, and an equerry was soon telephoning a theater agency to reserve four six-shilling seats for that afternoon. In a small way the King was setting up a precedent, for it was the first occasion on which he had celebrated his birthday by democratically sitting in the public seats of a London cinema. Usually King George and Queen Elizabeth prefer to see films privately at Buckingham Palace.

The first wartime Christmas was spent at beautiful Sandringham House. Here Christmas has been almost a ritual for over a quarter of a century. The Princesses were brought down from Balmoral for reunion with their mother and father.

Princess Elizabeth, who talks often of the troops and of the discomforts they must be suffering, was concerned as to the nature of the Christmas they would be having, until the King assured her that every man of them would have a sound Christmas dinner of roast turkey and plum pudding.

Before lunch on Christmas Day the royal party enjoyed a perfect orgy of telephoning in the King's study, where Christmas greetings were sent to other members of the Royal Family by the King and Queen, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princesses, all in turn.

Punctually at 1.30 the nine-chimed gong was sounded by the head footman, and the family party went in to their Christmas dinner—always held in the middle of the day. The meal itself was a replica of millions of other Christmas dinners throughout the Empire. Turkey, born, bred, and killed on the Sandringham estate, plum pudding, crackers, paper hats, and all the gay and happy paraphernalia which is so delightfully Christmas in England.

Then, after the meal, came the great event of the day, King George's Christmas broadcast to the Empire.

THE Royal Family celebrated the arrival of 1940 quietly. As the King and Queen toasted each other at midnight, determination was in their hearts that no matter what the New Year held for their country and themselves, they would face it with the equanimity which had so far sustained them during the first months of the war.

One of the important problems the King and Queen had to consider at the dawn of 1940 was the immediate future of the Princesses. The Queen was naturally most anxious to have them as near as possible to London, commensurate with their safety, so that she and the King could run down most week-ends and see them. At the Queen's suggestion, Royal Lodge, Windsor Park, was chosen. When it had been equipped with underground air-raid shelters, an elaborate system of warning sirens, and gasproof chambers, the children were installed there.

A good deal of the Queen's time was taken up in planning war work. For instance, every time she heard of some fresh wartime activity which had not previously caught her attention, she would make a note of it in what she called her War Diary—a leather-bound volume about as big as a small ledger. In this she would make daily notes about various aspects of the war which were of interest to her, and if the subject matter had been culled from a newspaper, she would paste the clipping in her book and make marginal notes against it.

Immediately the first Canadian troops arrived in England, Queen Elizabeth made inquiries about their welfare, their health, and how they were being trained in England. She was particularly concerned with the subject of their being adequately entertained when they were off duty. When she was told they were feeling the English cold rather badly, she immediately took steps to see that a supply of woolen comforts were sent to them from her own supply at Buckingham Palace. It was, of course, pointed out to her by the Canadian command that their men were bound to feel the winter to some extent, for although it is considerably colder in the Dominion, it is a drier, more invigorating atmosphere than England's.

WIVES and daughters of Buckingham Palace officials and servants have been invited by the Queen to join a sewing bee and knit comforts for the troops or make garments for the British Red Cross.

The high standard of the finished work is due to the Queen's own idea of encouraging workers to do the things at which they excel. The wool used has been paid for by the Queen out of her own privy purse.

The Queen's sound common sense extends to this branch of her war work as it does to all the others. One lady, not a member of the sewing bee, offered the Queen two marvelous pullovers which she had knitted in rather weird and wonderful colors. "So cheerful for the dear boys," she told the Queen.

"They are certainly very nice," replied the Queen, "but don't you think it would have been better if you had done them in khaki? You see, the men themselves are not camouflaged!"

The Royal Family have always had simple meals, and it is nothing new for them to live frugally. In peacetime only, when state banquets are being held at Buckingham Palace, or important guests are present at luncheon, are the chefs allowed to produce rich and expensive dishes.

There exists in the kitchens of Buckingham Palace a "library" of favorite recipes not only of all the members of the British Royal Family but also of foreign royalty who have visited London from time to time as their guests, such as the King of the Belgians, the Royal Family of Greece, King Boris of Bulgaria, and the Scandinavian kings. Here, too, are recipes of the favorite dishes of many distinguished men and women, collected over a great many years. Very often Their Majesties' guests are surprised and charmed to have their favorite dish placed before them.

There is no difference in the food for the King and Queen and the other members of the Royal Family or the members of the staff. Rationed foods are purchased based on the allowance due to those who reside at the palace. In quality and quantity what is destined for the royal table is exactly the same as that served in the servants' dining room.

Queen Elizabeth's treasurer, Rear Admiral Sir Basil Vernon Brooke, K. C. V. O., who has complete control over her privy purse, looks after the expenditures of her household and pays all her bills for her. The Queen's personal allowance is made to her privately by the King and the amount

is naturally never disclosed. The cost of her household, such as the salaries to the members of her entourage, are covered by a special allocation out of the £152,000 Civil List provided for the cost of the entire royal household.

Since the tour of Their Majesties through Canada and the United States, certain American newspapers called the Queen by vote the "greatest woman of 1939." Her exquisite taste in dress impressed every woman who saw her. And having won the women, the support of the men was a foregone conclusion, especially in the United States.

Practically every week-end which the King and Queen spend at Windsor, Her Majesty inquires into the welfare of the évacués in the district. Many mothers of evacuated children have been quietly given their railway fares, in order that they might make the journey to see their young ones. This has been done at the direct request of the Queen, the money coming out of the royal bounty.

A large part of the Queen's daily postbag is taken up with letters from parents who are worried about their children and the conditions under which they are living. All these letters are read personally by the Queen and none are left unanswered.

FROM the day on which Germany invaded Poland and subjected that country to an unwarranted aggression, the Queen has been deeply concerned about Polish women and children. When the Polish Refugee Fund depot was opened in London she was one of the first to lend it her support.

In peacetime the members of the Royal Family must remain aloof from refugee funds and organizations, but in time of war it is quite a different thing to interest themselves in relief work being done for countries which are allies and facing a common enemy.

The King and the Queen have had to give up all the things they liked to do together in peacetime. They are occupied with war services ten and twelve hours a day. Actually they see very little of each other, and the only real relaxation they get is an occasional week-end down at Windsor, when His Majesty can get some riding and shooting and the Queen can enjoy the supreme happiness of being with her children.

Their Majesties are exposed to the same risks as the rest of the population. They are protected by A. R. P. but to no greater extent than any one else.

It is one of the traditions of the monarchy that it is never taken by surprise, and consequently plans are in existence at Buckingham Palace which provide for practically every eventuality, no matter how drastic or tragic it may be.

England is fortunate indeed in possessing such a Queen of whom her husband, King George VI, has said: "With my wife as helpmeet by my side, I gladly take up the heavy task which lies before me."

THE END

HERE'S A DELICIOUSLY DIFFERENT NEW FORM OF BRAN

New DOUBLE-MILLING process refines texture of NATIONAL BISCUIT 100% BRAN

People the country over are talking about this delicious-tasting, gentle-acting *new* form of bran!

For National Biscuit 100% Bran is delightfully different—in both flavor and texture. It is made by a new, *improved* process of Double-Milling—which further breaks down the bran fiber making it less likely to be irritating.

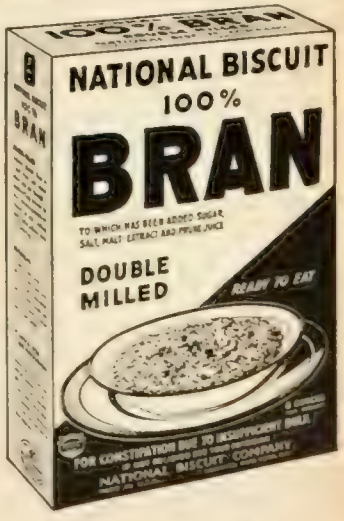
You'll find National Biscuit 100% Bran a helpful aid in relieving that common form of constipation due to lack of sufficient bulk in the diet. This highly absorbent bran frequently helps in forming a large, soft mass in the intestines and aids elimination.

Get a package of National Biscuit 100% Bran today. Eat it regularly as a cereal, and try the recipe for delicious bran muffins on the package. If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner, consult a competent physician.

Check its Advantages

- ✓ accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association
- ✓ helps relieve constipation caused by too little bulk
- ✓ double-milled—made by an improved process
- ✓ a deliciously different New Form of Bran
- ✓ 100% Whole Bran
- ✓ furnishes significant amounts of Phosphorus and Iron and is a good source of Vitamin B_1

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Good

"Beer and a

Overheard between innings:

1. "Baseball's a swell game, but I see you've discovered a way to make it even bette... Nothing hits the spot at a ball game like bee... eh? Only I wonder why they use that pa... ticular type of beer can. Let's find out."

4. "Plenty of room to stow *this* away in t... car, Bill. These 12-can cartons are a swell id... Cans take up only half the space, and ha... the weight. No worry about deposits or brin... ing back the empties', either."

CONTINENTA...

...catch, Mister"

...re make a hit in these ...o-open CAP-SEALED CANS!"

2. "Fans go for these Cap-Sealed cans because you don't need any trick openers; *any* opener will do. And you can drink right out of the can. No breakage, no returns. It's easier on *everybody*, mister—even the umpire!"

3. "That scores a home run with me, too. Notice that top, honey? When you drink from one of these Cap-Sealed cans, you drink from a clean, cap-protected surface. Let's get a case tonight when we pick up Bill for dinner."

5. "Here's a double play you can make at home. It's the new *quart*-size Cap-Sealed can. Economical for parties; holds more than *double* the regular size. Let's use it for a toast —to beer and ale in the Cap-Sealed can!"

Here's a suggestion for summer week-ends

Going anywhere this week-end? Picnic? Motor trip? A day at the beach? Or perhaps expecting guests at *your* place? Then try this simple 3-step formula for making it a *better* week-end: (1) Serve beer—it's a cool and wholesome summer drink. (2) Serve beer in cans—chills faster, takes less space, no bother about deposits or returns. (3) Serve beer in Cap-Sealed cans —because *that's* the can that requires no special opener, and you can drink right out of the can, from a clean, cap-protected surface!

Cap-Sealed
TRADE MARK REG.

CAN COMPANY *New York · Chicago · San Francisco*

TWO CONVENIENT SIZES: Regular 12-oz. can and a big quart can (32 oz.).

Here's film humor, tang, and a lesson — satire that hits home

Brian Donlevy and Muriel Angelus in The Great McGinty, Paramount's satire on crooked politicians.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

BIOGRAPHY OF A BUM

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ THE GREAT McGINTY

THE PLAYERS: Brian Donlevy, Muriel Angelus, Akim Tamiroff, William Demarest, Allyn Joslyn, Steffi Duna, Thurston Hall, Harry Rosenthal, Libby Taylor, Esther Howard, Donnie Kerr, Drew Roddy, Mary Thomas, Sheila Sheldon, Walter Soderling, Harry Hayden, William Edmunds. Story by Preston Sturges. Directed by Mr. Sturges. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 80 minutes.

PRESTON STURGES, who wrote and directed The Great McGinty, calls it "the biography of a bum." Dan McGinty is a simple, unlettered, inarticulate thug who, picked off the bread line, punches his way into the favor of the local political boss. McGinty is steam-rollered into the job of alderman, on to mayor, finally into the governorship. On the way he marries his competent secretary. She, poor dear, persuades him to go straight. Result: Dan and the boss land in jail on old graft charges.

With his first job of direction, Sturges does very right by his own story. The handling has tang, freshness, humor, besides a nice note of bitter satire. Brian Donlevy turns the tough eager Dan McGinty, who rises from vote repeater and collector of protection money, into a real flesh-and-blood person. Akim Tamiroff makes the ruthless grafting boss a jitney despot of color and reality. Muriel Angelus shades the secretary, wise to the ways of crooked politics but innately a woman of fine caliber, just right. And there is a flavorsome bit, done by Steffi Duna, of a dance-hall girl in the little banana country to which one lapse of virtue sends McGinty and the boss.

Underneath the yarn is a social note for those who care to read. For here you see the one fundamental weakness of democracy—the public's lazy acceptance of crooked politics—laid bare with a ruthless directorial scalpel.

VITAL STATISTICS: Tough man Brian Donlevy is really a gentle guy. Loves to putter around in his garden, likes to write poetry. Can lick any guy that wants to make something of it, too. Is a vegetarian. Won't hunt except with a camera. Wouldn't kill a thing. Born in Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland; brought to America when he was ten months old. Ran away from his home in Cleveland to join the army under Pershing and chase Villa. Flew with the Lafayette Escadrille in France in World War No. 1. . . . Preston Sturges hails from Chicago, his father a broker; his mother, Mary Desti, was Isadora Duncan's long-time companion and biographer. Preston was schooled in Chicago, Paris, Berlin, and Dresden; served in the American air forces in No. 1 W. W. After that he worked his way up in the theater, starting as assistant manager of the New York Century Theater. From playwriting, Sturges turned to writing for the screen. . . . Akim Tamiroff says he usually grows his own beard and mustache for film roles because his skin is allergic to chemicals used in curing false hair. But the mustache of the political boss is artificial. Akim soaked it in vodka as a preventive. . . . At the age of twelve Muriel Angelus was dancing in the Fokine ballet in A Midsummer Night's Dream at the London Drury Lane. She developed her voice, played in a number of London musicals, pushed on to New York.

★ ★ ★ ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE

THE PLAYERS: Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden, Judy Garland, Ann Rutherford, Diana Lewis, George Breakston, Sara Haden, Harry Tyler, Addison Richards, George Lessey, Gladys Blake, Cy Kendall, Clyde Willson. Screen play by Annalee Whitmore and Thomas Seller based on characters created by Aurania Rouverol. Directed by George B. Seitz. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 89 minutes.

THESE yarns of the Hardy family of Carvel have maintained an excellent standard—and this latest chapter in the celluloid saga of a typical American small-town household is possibly the most amusing of the series. For Andy Hardy, caught

cold in his long-range infatuation for the Number One deb of the New York social season, boasts to his skeptical fellow students of Carvel High that he knows the famous Daphne Fowler. Then Judge Hardy, called to New York on a legal matter, decides to take all the Hardys to Manhattan. Andy is in a panic. How is he to make good on his boast and meet the celebrated Daphne?

I shall not tell you how Andy makes good—and actually gets his picture taken with Daphne Fowler. But the film is amusing and has its high spots of comedy, as when Andy goes broke crashing café society in a New York "hot spot" with only eight dollars in his pocket.

There's Mickey Rooney at his best as Andy, Judy Garland reappears pleasantly in the series, Diana Lewis makes the New York deb stand out, and Lewis Stone is now literally Judge Hardy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Diana Lewis is Mrs. Bill Powell. They were married in January. Diana is tiny, barely five feet tall, weighs 100. . . . This is Mickey and Judy's third film appearance together. Last in Babes in Arms. Mickey spent his spare time between scenes working at his small piano. Writing a stage musical comedy—and he has high hopes of finding a producer. Judy's hobbies are writing poetry, painting in water colors, collecting perfumes, making home recordings of her friends' voices. . . . The Hardy series gradually has acquired some 1,500 props which have to be kept permanently.

★★★ I WANT A DIVORCE

THE PLAYERS: Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Gloria Dickson, Frank Fay, Jessie Ralph, Conrad Nagel, Sidney Blackmer, Dorothy Burgess, Mickey Kuhn, Harry Davenport. Screen play by Frank Butler based on a story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 94 minutes.

ONE of Hollywood's contributions against easy divorce. Really the story of two couples. One duo is getting a divorce at the outset; the other two almost hit the count themselves. But the suicide of the divorced ex-wife brings the couple together, makes the husband decide to drop his legal business of arranging divorces.

A really married Hollywood couple, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, do the youngsters struggling to find domestic happiness. They play pleasantly together, their work has a nice sentimental quality. Gloria Dickson almost steals the picture as the ex-wife who turns to suicide to forget. You'll be interested, too, in the return of Conrad Nagel as the other husband; in the appearance of Frank Fay as the eccentric who delivers the fish.

Topical, sob-sistery—and streaked with tragedy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Dick Powell's film comeback seems to have Paramount's O. K. He's next to co-star in The New Yorkers, an original by Preston Sturges. Ellen Drew will share the lights and Sturges will direct. . . . Paramount wanted a typical Middle Western farmhouse for a sequence in I Want a Divorce. Location man found one in Monrovia, about forty miles from Hollywood. Powell and Joan liked it so much they bought the place for themselves. Six rooms, ten acres.

Short Review:

★★ THE LEOPARD MEN OF AFRICA (Zeidman International, Inc.) Recording expedition of Dr. Paul Hoefler into the Congo. Shows how natives imitate leopards in their killing; reveals weird rituals of cannibalism. Maybe this can stand up in the face of what "civilization" is doing in a wholesale way. (65 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

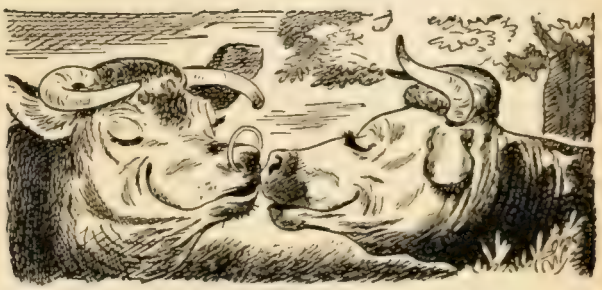
★★★★—Our Town, The Baker's Wife, Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois.

★★★½—The Mortal Storm, Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage, His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men.

★★★—New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Blue Bird, The Fighting 69th, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago.

COWS and LOVERS

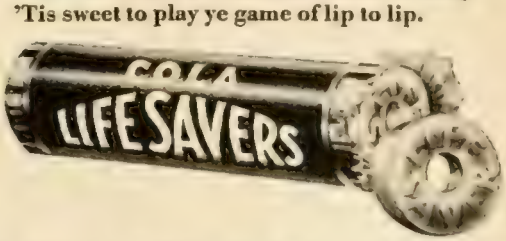
by Will Shakespeare, Jr.



**Ye breath of cows, 'tis said, is pure and sweet
And cows, you may observe, rub noses when they meet.**

**Yet breath of man and maid is ofttimes bad
Which maketh rubbing lips occasion rather sad.**

**But if LIFE SAVERS man and maid both sip
'Tis sweet to play ye game of lip to lip.**



For sheer good taste, try COLA, newest of LIFE SAVERS' 14 mint and fruit flavors. It's Cola in candy form—refreshing and tangy. Sold everywhere. 5¢

When you visit the New York World's Fair, don't miss the Life Savers Parachute Jump. It's a real thrill!

Symon Ball

My Love Affair with MUSSOLINI

Uncensored secrets from behind the scenes of a dictator's private life

Holding me tightly, he gives me his first kiss. I feel a sensation of intoxication . . .

By MAGDA FONTANGES

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Magda Fontanges' background was disclosed in Liberty last week to a world which had previously been told little more about her than that, after shooting Count Charles de Chambrun, French ambassador to Rome, she had asserted that he had interfered between her and Benito Mussolini.

As appeared last week in an authoritative introduction to her own story, her real maiden name was Magda Coraboeuf, she was the young widow of one Yves de la Ferrière, and she was a fervently ambitious newspaperwoman who had tried for a career on the stage. A love affair with a French politician having ended unpleasantly, she was assigned by La Liberté to cover the League of Nations sessions in which sanctions were invoked against Italy. They gave her a most romantic idea of Mussolini, and she found herself burning to interview him. The credentials she secured included a letter to Count de Chambrun. Arriving in Rome, she had to arrange for the interview through Dino Alfieri, who at once became embarrassingly attentive.

On April 20, 1936, Mussolini received her. When she left, he ardently bade her come again. That evening Alfieri told her that Il Duce wanted her to come, the next day, to a ceremony in a park. She did so, and she says he noticed her in the crowd. Later he sent her an autographed camera portrait. She wrote him her impassioned thanks, and on the following Saturday she attended a ceremony at Littoria, in the reclaimed Pontine Marshes. There, during a midday banquet, he beckoned to her and seated her beside him. She had meanwhile phoned the news story of her interview to La Liberté in Paris.

Again Mussolini sent for her. This time he said he was busy today, but tomorrow she must come "to chat a moment." She told him the moment should be as long as he wished.

PART TWO—IL DUCE ORDAINS A TRYST

ALL through the evening I avoid people, as I feel unable to bear casual conversation, chatter not concerned with what absorbs my entire being. But in the grillroom of the hotel, where I wish to dine alone, I cannot escape a secretary of the Ministry of Propaganda who stops by my table. Gossipy as are all Romans, he undertakes to pump me on my private affairs, and throws out a few direct hints concerning Alfieri.

As my life is shaping itself, I am extremely annoyed to note that Dino and I occupy the public so much. It would be most unfortunate if such stupid rumors reached Mussolini. . . .

The night passes . . . restlessly. I await with impatience the time of our tryst. Will today permit me to puzzle out Benito's intimate character? Is it a physical whim that urges him toward me? Or is genuine sentiment mixed with it? That is a cruel riddle for any one who dreams of an ideal!

27th of April. Again the door opens, and again my eyes behold the vast Room of the Map of the World, the stage of so many historic scenes!

Mussolini is seated at the desk, writing. He springs to his feet and rushes to greet me. Without preamble, he rests both his hands on my shoulders, and, in that same gentle voice which so intrigued me at our meeting yesterday, he asks, in French:

"Have you thought of me a little?"

From then on, the conversation between us is familiar, intimate. I reply quickly:

"Not for one minute did your memory leave me!"

We walk a few steps, then he stops again, grips my shoulders, leans toward me and says deliberately:

"I think you are beautiful. You please me!"

In response, I place my arms around his neck. My mouth brushes against his, and I say:

"And you, Benito—do you know I love you?"

The expression of his face softens then, and, holding me tightly, he gives

me his first kiss. I feel a sensation of intoxication so strong that everything vanishes about me. As soon as I am able, I question him:

"Since when did you desire to see me not officially?"

He says, after seeming to think this over, "Perhaps since the first time . . . but especially since Littoria!"

And, with the expression of a very young man who needs to be reassured, he questions me in his turn:

"You like me?"

My answer is ratified by many kisses.

We have come near the window, and he is resting one foot on the marble step below it. Elbow on knee, chin cupped in hand, he scans my eyes. Leaning against him, I explain to him how my passionate admiration was aroused in Geneva when the sanctions of the League against him were voted. A melancholy expression wells in his eyes. He sighs deeply, yields to a gesture of utter weariness. Wishing to banish the memory of former struggles, I speak again:

"I think that the dark days are over now. What is the news concerning Addis Ababa?"

"Good!"

HIS victorious optimism has reappeared in his face. He sketches a wide gesture of unconcern. With a flame in his eyes, he exclaims:

"But Ethiopia does not exist! The most beautiful thing in the world is what is happening to the two of us!"

He has embraced me again. He asks anxiously:

"You like Rome? I am sure that you won't be able to leave . . . aren't you? Do you love our surroundings, the atmosphere in which we live?"

I continue living in my dreams. When I have told him this, he resumes gravely, almost severely:

"Magda, are you capable of being discreet?"

All his desires are orders for me, I assure him.

"Then I'll take you to a secret chamber . . . but you must not tell any one that you know the private apartments. . . . You know, I have no time to see you long today—at least, not as long as I would wish!"

We are still clasped together. Suddenly his face contorts and in a hoarse voice he murmurs:

"You know . . . I am brutal. You are not afraid? You feel how much I desire you?"

Then, as he must have dismissed the little girls with whom he played when a small boy, he frees himself brusquely, gestures nervously.

"Go away," he says. "It's finished!"

Once more he has suddenly changed his tone, his expression, his manner. That is one of the curious things about him. He walks to and fro, very nervous, but still with an evident sense of the theatrical. And then, pouting like a spoiled child, he resumes in a small, impatient voice:

"I forbid you to leave Rome. That's understood? You are to wait. As soon as I give a sign—you arrive right away! You understand?"

I ask him how he will inform me. He thinks that over a second. "I'll write or I'll telephone you," he says.

He has taken my arm and leads me to the door. As I am about to leave, like a kid begging for candy he offers his mouth: "Another little kiss . . ."

"You know," he resumes a while later, "I want to spend a long moment with you the next time. . . . I shall arrange it. It will probably be after dinner. We shall have more time. . . . Yes, I want an hour!"

He goes aside a few steps—then, turning toward me:

"At least an hour!"

And with this phrase he smiles as only *he* can, and, blowing me a kiss, he whirls about and goes back to his desk with quick strides.

Leaving the Palace, I am still bewildered by scarcely believable happiness. Paris rises before my eyes . . . distant vision! Then I think of my newspaper, of my article, which represents for me only the means to serve him. I am wary of low envy, and I foresee some cheap trick.

Wishing to make sure, I telephone to La Liberté and ask the editorial secretary about the printing of my article. The result is what I have expected: Because the elections happened to be on that day, the boss had given orders to hold up any article in favor of Fascism, for he felt uncertain of success. What can I do, eighteen hundred kilometers away? Nothing but control my anger and wait for explanations.

During the evening, wishing for news of the elections in France, I telephone to the ambassador, who invites me to lunch tomorrow.

28th of April. About twelve thirty I enter the Embassy in the Farnese Palace, and on the threshold of the salon I am stopped short for an instant by surprise and by the comical side of an unexpected situation. Three men are standing there: de Chambrun, the Ambassador; the secretary of the Embassy, Garnier; and Guillaume, the son of my former lover, the politician who now pursues me with his hatred! I can read in Garnier's face that the irony of the meeting does not escape his notice.

The ambassador, who seems the only one to see nothing unusual, comes to greet me, his face alight, and, laughing his usual chuckling laugh, he wants to introduce me to the son of my ex-friend, but at once both of us say, as with one voice, "We have met!"

To put the embarrassed Garnier at his ease, I launch the conversation, asking Guillaume about his stay in Italy. I learn that he has been transferred from Genoa to Oslo, and has come to Rome to take his leave of the ambassador. Guillaume is evidently pleased that this awkward situation is smoothing out so well; he is cordial and talkative. But de Chambrun, stating that he wishes to talk to me about the luncheon at Littoria—of which he has heard, as everybody else has—leads me into the next room. There he says:

"I don't want to talk to you about Mussolini. I made an excuse to be alone with you for a few minutes."

I control an impulse to laugh in his face, for the idea that this poor man aligns himself, even unwittingly, as a rival of Benito strikes me as most comical. I extricate myself with a joke and, returning, find Mme. de Chambrun, who has just arrived with the Countess Pozzo di Borgo. Very soon comes the Countess des Moustiers. There is talk of Il Duce, of Littoria, and the Countess Pozzo exclaims:

"Here is Mme. Fontanges, who sat next to him!"

SHE looks at me slyly, but I am careful to avoid the subject, except for one remark that escapes me. Countess de Chambrun, curious and a bit jealous, questions me closely, and I mention that when I took a seat beside Il Duce, I told him it was the best place for me to lose my appetite. Immediately this occasions a tart comment:

"Well! That's the remark which would please him most. Oh, you know your way around! You're a clever little girl, you are!"

At the table I find myself seated between Garnier and Guillaume. Naturally, much of the conversation is about the head of the Italian government. Garnier presumes to merge Benito among ordinary mortals.

"But, after all," he says, "what do you find so wonderful in the guy?

COMING NEXT WEEK

Ordeal by Night, *by Robb White*

You Can't Help Lovin', *by B. B. Fowler*

The Cards that Played Themselves, *by Sidney S. Lenz*

Germany's Grip on America's Defense, *by Walter Karig*

The Private Mind of Spencer Tracy, *by John Erskine*

Hitler's Frankenstein, *by René Kraus*

The Comics . . and Little Willie, *by Morris Markey*

Confessions of an Amateur Politician, *by Bernarr Macfadden*

Miracle Kid, *by Jimmy Powers*

Radio Quiz, *by Lowell Thomas*

Me, I don't see him as extraordinary! He is like any one else."

To my surprise, de Chambrun does not try to keep him quiet. But the Countess des Moustiers, who is a great admirer of Il Duce, protests vehemently, without convincing Garnier. "Oh, yes," he says, "I know he pleases women!" And I can guess that this is one of his grounds for envy of Benito.

The meal ends gayly. Coffee is served in the salon. Mme. de Chambrun and her niece Mme. des Moustiers, it appears, are planning a trip of forty-eight hours to Syracuse.

"You should stay there eight days, Marie—it would do you good!" advises de Chambrun, looking at me fixedly as he speaks.

When I leave, he escorts me to the monumental stone stairway leading to the outer door. There Guillaume asks if he may not escort me to the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs. On the way, we chat as if no cloud had ever darkened our relationship.

Later in the afternoon I take tea alone, to dwell in my dreams undisturbed. During the evening, I happen to pass the entrance to Dino Alfieri's apartment on the ground floor at the moment when Dino is coming out. He follows me hastily, speaks nervously:

"Magda, I must have a talk with you—a serious talk—tomorrow, if you wish."

THAT prospect has no attraction for me, but I know it will be best to have it out. So, the next day, early in the afternoon, I rap on his door. Seated on the divan, I wait for him to open fire. He is embarrassed, certainly, but he is also resolute, eager to clear up the situation.

"What is the matter, Magda? Have you nothing to say to me?" he asks. "You are not the same. I have realized that something must be going on. I don't wish to appear to drop you—and, on the other hand, I have the impression that I am annoying you."

He has taken hold of my hand. I deny nothing. Raising my eyes, I look an instant at the photograph of Mussolini above our heads. Dino smiles.

"Come, you can talk. I have guessed everything. It is he, isn't it?"

I hesitate still, so much do I dread an indiscretion. But now that he has guessed, it may be worth my while to try to turn him into an ally. This seems possible—and I foresee all too clearly the time when, informed of what is going on, the pack will be unleashed and will seek to tear me to pieces!

I choose a course. I reply only with a silence which is an admission. Then Dino presses me with questions, and, without giving him any real details, I no longer make denials. After a while he accepts the situation. "Ever since Sunday," he says, "I've been sure of it."

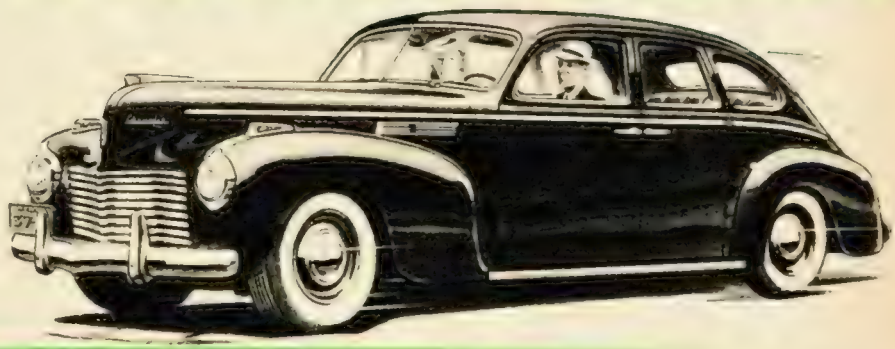
The result is that we make a pact

RIGHT NOW!

Fluid-Drive

IN A

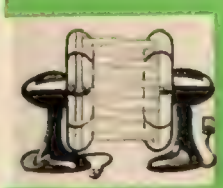
CHRYSLER!



Why Shift Gears? Drive the new and thrilling way . . . the *Fluid Drive* way. It's all fun and no work! You just touch the throttle to go . . . touch the brake to stop! One fan-like wheel drives another by forcing oil against it. No rigid metal connections. Smooth as oil, because it drives through oil.

Why Wait? *Fluid Drive* is sure to be next year's biggest feature . . . but you don't have to wait. Try it today at your Chrysler dealer's. Take the wheel and enjoy the smoothest, quietest, most effortless ride you ever had in a motor car. You'll never want to own another car without it!

*TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. D. S. T



SIMPLE AS THIS!
A current of air from a running fan will set an idle fan in motion, as a breeze turns a windmill. That's the simple principle of Chrysler's *Fluid Drive*.

SMOOTH AS OIL!
One fan-like wheel drives another by forcing a current of oil against it. Smooth as oil, because it *is* oil. No rigid metal connections. Noiseless.

BE MODERN—BUY CHRYSLER

Discover the Tang of a Sloe Gin Fizz!

DELICIOUS—EASY TO MAKE

2 oz. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin, juice of ½ lemon and 1 teaspoon powdered sugar in 8 oz. glass. Fill with seltzer, add ice, decorate with slice of lemon.

Here's a tall, frosty thirst-quencher with a taste that suggests the wine-like richness of Burgundy—a Sloe Gin Fizz made with Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin! From plum-like *imported sloe berries* come its tangy richness . . . its superb lusciousness and flavor. Enjoy an Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin Fizz today!

OLD MR. BOSTON
SLOE GIN
America's Largest-Selling Sloe Gin

S-BURK, INC., BOSTON, MASS. 70 PROOF

of friendship and silence. We agree not to go out together any more, and we decide that I shall call at the Ministry when we have to talk together. Moreover, Dino asks me not to mention to his chief either this conversation or any which we may have in the future. (Today I regret that I kept that agreement.)

In the evening he calls to inform me that when he made his report on official matters, Mussolini asked if I was still there. No other news.

FROM morning until evening, from night until morning, I wait. Several times each day I drop in at the hotel or telephone to ask if there is a message. Three days have passed—endless days during which I have been unable to fasten my attention on anything that is not *he*. I have received a letter from La Liberté advising me that my article will be printed as soon as the elections are over. I shall show that letter to Benito.

Before dinner, as I am resting, the telephone bell startles me. An unknown voice speaks briefly:

"Madame, you are called from the Ministry of the Interior. Please be ready at nine o'clock. You will be called for."

I stammer, "Yes, it's understood!"

Once more I feel as if an electric current were passing through me. Aware that *he* does not like what is eccentric, I decide to dress as I usually do for dinner. I choose a dress of black pleated mousseline, on which I pin two orchids, and I drape a cape of silver fox over my shoulders.

Seven thirty. . . . Eight o'clock. To kill time, I go into the grill room, where I scarcely touch the food placed before me. In an hour I shall be in his arms . . . and that thought deafens and blinds me to my surroundings, to the noise. Then at the bar, over a cup of coffee, I while away the final dragging, endless minutes.

At last—at last a bellboy appears.

"There's a car waiting for you at the door, madame."

He precedes me to the long black car before which a young man with sleek shining black hair is waiting. The young man bows, opens the door, begs me to enter, and climbs in beside me. The chauffeur must have had instructions, for he starts off without having received an order. At my side, my young escort remains mute, his eyes as if lost in space. My inner agitation is extreme, but outwardly I appear calm. I continue to exist on a plane utterly remote from all that surrounds me. Thus neither of us has uttered a word when the car drops us on the Piazza Venezia.

At this hour passers-by are scarce, and through the magic of the night the proud palace appears as a phantom emerging from past centuries. More than ever, it seems manifest that behind these walls are sheltered all the mysteries of Rome. The road, scarcely lighted, might have seemed sinister to me had I not carried within me a spirit to illuminate the most somber of dwellings.

As always, before the monumental gateway two sentries are stationed. Their faces remain stern and impassive, their bearing rigid, as we rapidly pass them. My companion escorts me to the door at the top of the marble stairway, which opens at once. Then, after addressing a few quick words to the head usher, he salutes me and leaves hastily.

Through silent spacious rooms almost entirely dark I follow at the heels of my new guide. All is silent. Only a few scattered servants still circulate like shadows—but without resisting their desire to peer into my face. I am led directly to the Room of the Map of the World.

"Please enter, madame," the usher says. "Il Duce will come."

The door has closed noiselessly. I am alone there, in that room. A luminous spot glows at one end of it, cast by a huge lamp resting on the desk. All the rest is swathed in semi-obscurity. This room, in which a modern Caesar does not fear, at night, to grant a rendezvous of love, cannot differ greatly from the rooms in which the heroes of antiquity forgot their divine characters in order to be nothing but men. . . . Through a window I contemplate the avenue leading to the Coliseum and the ruins of the Forum. . . .

I DO not hear him come. He suddenly appears at my side. Dressed very simply in a dark gray suit and a sports shirt of black jersey, without a necktie, he appears sure of himself and lighthearted. His eyes shining, a slight smile playing on his lips, he says:

"I am happy that you could be reached tonight, for I wanted very much to see you!"

And, teasingly, he adds, "I hope it did not bother you too much?"

In the same vein, I retort, "No, not too much. . . ."

Then, more seriously, I continue, "You know very well that I shall always be free to see you, since you are now the sole reason for my staying here."

Still teasing, he goes on, "Oh! Rome does not lack in interest."

"Yes, but that's just it. Here, while waiting for you, I have realized what a terrible disappointment the Eternal City would have been for me if I had not been able to come near you. All the things I admire—the Coliseum, the museums, the fountains—interest me only because they speak of you."

"So you believe yourself in love?" he asks.

Before my reproachful silence, he takes me in his arms, and passionately I return his kiss.

After it, he holds me off at arm's length, scans me with the serious mien of a small lad; then he clasps me again and says:

"Decidedly, you please me most particularly."

In a persuasive tone he continues:

"I have thought of thee violently, but in love the spirit is not every-

thing! You realized that, didn't you, when you came here tonight?"

I reply only by looking into his eyes.

"Then, come!" he says. "Bring your stuff."

He opens a door behind his desk and we enter a corridor paved with flagstones, lighted only by the reflections of the lights of the Piazza. But Mussolini knows the way and, his arm around my waist, he leads me.

Another door. . . . We are now in an immense empty room, paved with flagstones also. At the end of it, opposite the windows, Benito leads me through another door, and this time we enter a much smaller room, the only furniture a large table in the center. At the end of this room, to the right, he shoves open a last door.

"It's here," he says. "Wait!"

Taking a few steps, he turns on a tall lamp, its light screened by an enormous shade. The rest of the room remains in semidarkness. Proud to show off his den, he calls out: "There you are. Do you like it?"

His hands on his hips, he sweeps the apartment with his glance, and I understand that it is a constantly renewed pleasure to him to find himself surrounded by these ancient treasures in a splendid palace of which he is today the master.

Ingenuously, manifestly very pleased, he questions: "It's nice, isn't it? It's nice?"

Such naïve freshness of mind moves me much more than solemn phrases. I throw my arms around his neck and assure him that nothing in the world has ever pleased me so much, and that it pleases me all the more because I have the happiness to be here with him.

"I'll come back in a minute," he says.

He disappears through a small door almost exactly opposite the one we entered through. Alone, motionless, I try to realize my amazing situation.

There are two paintings of religious scenes, framed in gold, one decorating the wall between the two windows, to the left of the main door, the other hung on the panel facing the entrance, and in the play of light and shade I can discern silhouettes. Several easy chairs are scattered here and there. In the center of the room a violin case on a music stool reveals the taste and the relaxation of Mussolini. Here, in the surroundings he loves, he comes to escape for a moment from his daily cares. Set in an angle of the walls to the right of the entrance, there is a large divan, covered, like its cushions, with embroidered yellow silk.

CATLIKE, as if about to grasp a prey, Benito has returned, and he comes toward me.

"It is a great privilege to come here. No one has the right to disturb me here; I come when I wish to be alone, when I need to think—or to rest. . . ."

I think that he comes here for other reasons also . . . and, suddenly jealous, I imagine in pale visions the faces of women he must have known before me. I tell him that. A bit scornful, he smiles.

"Perhaps. But I don't remember anything about it! No one has left a trace, I swear to you!"

He has embraced me again, growing very tender.

"As a rule, my mind is not involved! I am not in the habit of wasting my time! Didn't I give you a different impression? I believe you haven't much to complain of."

Then a sort of frenzy sweeps him, he becomes brutal, and he says, "You have known Il Duce—now you shall know the man!"

He has taken off his coat, and in his sports shirt he appears astonishingly young. Heeding nothing but his instinct, he leaps at me. Before I have time to utter so much as an exclamation, I am caught up in strong arms.

And so Magda Fontanges' heart's desire was gratified. What promises was Mussolini to make? What was he to ask of her for the future? Above all, what grounds has she for her belief that it was jealousy—on the parts of others—which was soon to put a "catastrophic" end to their affair? Her own answers, with an impersonal, historical, inside account of her subsequent experiences that culminated in the shooting of Count de Chambrun, will complete these revelations in Liberty next week!

Norman Marsh, famous cartoonist and creator of the . . .

. . . cartoon detective, Dan Dunn, flies his own plane many thousands of miles every year. And for safe lubrication he uses Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil, as does . . .

. . . American Airlines, Inc., the country's largest air transport company. In fact, more than 1/4 of all the oil used by airliners in the U. S. is Sinclair Pennsylvania. This is . . .

. . . the same quality Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil sold by your nearby Sinclair Dealer. Try Sinclair Pennsylvania or Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil in your car. You'll find they last so long they save you money.

Hope glanced up at Jimmy—as even a girl who wears an engagement ring will look up at a new man.

Romance! . . The sparkling story of a golden girl and a boy who tried to run away from love

BY ROYAL BROWN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ENGAGEMENT rings are symbols, and as such priceless, with a value beyond rubies or pearls. No one but a jeweler or a girl's best friends would ever dream of computing the material cost, and James Stuart II wasn't a jeweler or even a casual acquaintance of Hope Hollister. Not on that August night when his blue

eyes, set in a deeply tanned face, ignored the tilt of her nose and the lovely line of her lips, and appraised the ring she wore and put a value on it.

That ring, he figured, must have cost twenty-five or thirty thousand.

"And for that amount you could finance a big season in Mesopotamia —or ten small digs in the Near East," he told Hope dryly. Later—when he got to know her better—as he did, to his surprise.

Surprise because the introduction which named them to each other ought to have been both a beginning and an end. They had nothing in common; their ways lay far apart. Or so he then believed.

For Hope was obviously one of those slim honey-haired girls who help make up New York café society. Whereas he was just Jimmy Stuart. A young almost six-footer who, graduating from Tech in '33, had snapped at the chance to join an archaeological expedition. And been bitten, as he was to admit to Hope presently.

It got you—got you so hard that when you found yourself enmeshed in an underfinanced dig that could seldom pay you even the seventy-five

dollars a month you had been promised, over expenses, because you knew architecture and could use a minicam, you didn't cut loose, get another job.

Instead you returned to New York. Not to have your head examined. You came to raise money. So you could go back and help an obsessionist named Professor Archibald Chichester go on digging. He didn't need the wealth of the Indies. Merely three thousand dollars. But it might as well be the wealth of the Indies unless you robbed a bank or sandbagged somebody. A girl who went around wearing twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of engagement ring, for instance.

IT might be almost an idea, Jimmy decided that first night. He had sold some pictures to the picture mags. Dig stuff. Of Archie, his boss, in a sun helmet, peering at a fossil with the loving intensity of an Airedale looking at a beef bone. Of Daphne, Archie's wife, sitting on a campstool.

"How about doing some New York pictures for you?" Jimmy had suggested to the editors he had seen.

"You might," he had been told. "But no night-club stuff!"

Jimmy had grinned. "I'm not likely to land in any night clubs."

But he was wrong. When you're back in "God's own country," any friend worthy of the name knows just what the doctor would prescribe. Tall cold drinks, pretty girls.

"What I need is three thousand bucks," Jimmy had retorted.

"You won't find them on me," Sam Saunders had assured him.

Jimmy hadn't expected to. Nor in the night club, either. All he found there was Hope. She had a poppy-red mouth and she wore a strapless evening gown and her eyes were golden brown. Her escort was not her fiancé. He was a long, languid-looking man who aimlessly traced designs on the tablecloth with a gold pencil.

Hope glanced up at Jimmy—as even a girl who wears an engagement ring will look up at a new man.

"This guy is one of those lads that go around digging up Egyptian kings and queens and robbing their tombs of gold chariots and things like that," Sam had explained to Hope.

That was exactly what Jimmy wasn't, but Hope's eyes became alive and interested. Her grandfather had dug gold out of the earth, and she was to marry a man who had stroked a Harvard crew and won a race to Bermuda, and they were going big-game hunting in Africa for a honeymoon.

None of this was known to Jimmy then. He only knew Hope was bored.

The man with the gold pencil roused himself to inquire whether Jimmy would sit down and have a drink. Hope looked as if she wished he would.

But Jimmy didn't want a drink. Or to linger. In Dura—which was a trading post on the Euphrates two centuries before Christ was born—there is a wall with the opening lines of the Aeneid, scrawled there by a Roman soldier. To Jimmy, what the gold pencil might trace in a New York night club seemed less dramatic.

As for Hope, in Dura a Roman woman whose name was Aurelia Aura, which at least suggested honey-colored hair and golden-brown eyes, had written a memorial to her husband. If she had lived twenty centuries ago, Hope might have been named Aurelia Aura and mentioned a few of her husband's good points when he died.

If so, Jimmy would have been interested in her, almost passionately. But as it was:

"I'm going back to Central Park," Jimmy explained. "Pictures—"

"Folk-dancing among the aborigines of Manhattan," Sam put in. "We were up there at eight thirty when the police dropped the ropes. I'll bet ten thousand people went into action when the orchestra started."

Sam was willing to sit down; but Hope said to Jimmy, "You're really going to take pictures of them?"

Jimmy sensed what was in her mind, and he suspected that, unless he was firm, he wasn't going to Central Park alone. About a million of inherited money in a strapless evening gown, wearing twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of engagement ring, was going to attach herself to the expedition.

"I'm riding up on a bus," he told her. "Quicker and—"

"I love buses," she said.

"And I'm after pictures to be published," he went on. "If I appear with you they'll think I'm a millionaire minicamist who is slumming—"

"I'll be back in a minute," Hope said. "Sit down."

Jimmy glanced at his watch, then at Hope. Then he sat down. It was nearer ten minutes than one before she reappeared—wearing a blue-and-white print and a little white hat.

"The girl in the checkroom is just my size," she explained. "Let's go."

"O. K., Aurelia," said Jimmy.

Times changed, but women didn't much. Roman ladies had slummed in Nero's day, and perhaps Aurelia Aura had borrowed the vestments of one of her handmaidens to inspect angles of night life in Dura before she settled down.

HOPE and Jimmy rode on top of a bus, and Hope asked him what he meant by calling her Aurelia, and he told her.

She laughed and said, "What does an excavation look like?"

"The excavation I'm working on looks like Eighth Avenue dug up for water mains," he told her.

Deliberately. She was young, she was lovely. He knew she was giving him a chance to play Othello to her wide-eyed Desdemona. But Jimmy wasn't taking any chances. He had his fingers crossed.

Hope persisted: "I don't know anything about archaeology, but it sounds as if it must be interesting—and different. Dangerous?"

"A rifle comes in handy now and then," Jimmy admitted dryly. "But what a digger needs mostly is a fly swatter—and flea lotion."

She gave him a swift glance. "Why do you do it, then?" she asked.

"It's a disease," said Jimmy.

It was—and so is love. An insidious disease. You couldn't take quinine for love, but you could remember, when you danced with a girl, that you were but the expression of her mood at the moment. Like the hat girl's frock and hat.

They danced, after Jimmy had gotten his pictures. She was plastic, fluid.

"This is more fun than I've had for years!" she told him when the music stopped.

Her eyes met his, warm and glowing. Her lips were slightly parted. They would have been easy to kiss, for girls and their boy friends kissed easily here. And Hope's mouth was a temptation.

Instead he said, "I'm glad you enjoyed my ball—but this is Cinderella in reverse. It's I who must duck—and before midnight. I've got a date with two 35-millimeter rolls that must be developed. I want to see how they come out—"

"So do I!" she told him. "And I want to see how it's done. Why can't I come too?"

THERE were plenty of reasons, but he couldn't seem to phrase them. So in the end he showed her how it was done. In Sam's apartment. They were alone there. But it was quite all right. Her fiancé was as definitely in the picture by then as if she had brought him along.

"I wish Van could talk to you," she had remarked. "He has a minicam, but he's terribly dissatisfied with what he gets—"

"And who is Van?" Jimmy asked.

Hope looked surprised. "Van? Why, I'm going to marry him. We plan to hunt big game in Africa on our honeymoon, but it's going to be a scientific safari too—something like archaeology."

The hell it would be! Jimmy decided. Jimmy knew what Archibald Chichester would think of this African expedition. He'd snort and say, "How much money did you get out of them?"

Nor would he think that mercenary. Introduce him to Hope and Van, and he'd tell them—with no tact but great fervor—that for a tenth of the money they were throwing away he could unearth a new civilization. Or rather, an old one.

"Are you going to be in New York long?" Hope asked.

"I hope not," said Jimmy. "As soon as I meet some philanthropist who will write me a check for three thousand dollars I'll be on my way back. I—"

"You should meet my grandmother," Hope put in. "She's forever writing checks. For artists and musicians — why not archaeologists?"

"I'll ask her — where does she live?"

Hope's grandmother lived on Park Avenue and Hope was staying with her. "Until Van gets out of the hospital," she explained.

"Hospital?" Jimmy echoed.

"He went to have his appendix out," she explained. "That's why I'm in New York—to visit him."

Jimmy said "Oh!" and looked at his film strip again.

"They'll blow up plenty," he told Hope.

He was explaining that, with the pride of a man who looks upon his work and finds it good, when Sam Saunders came in. Or, rather, stopped short on the threshold. For there was Jimmy, arms extended to display the full strip, and Hope was looking up at him.

Something as Juliet looked down at Romeo as he clung to the balcony. At least, that was what Sam said after Hope had gone. Which showed, Jimmy told him, that he was very silly.

"She and Van are going to Africa on their honeymoon. She's crazy about him—"

"Did she tell you she was?" Sam asked skeptically.

"No!" Jimmy exploded. "Why should she? It's apparent. It—"

"All right," said Sam hastily. "Maybe you're right—but I hope Winchell doesn't hear about this!"

He yawned and said he was going to bed. If Jimmy wanted to stay up all night, he could. He, Sam Saunders, was no playboy on the loose in New York, eating the lotus and making hay while the neon lights blazed.

Jimmy said, "Eating the lotus my eye! I'm doing Coney tomorrow. More pictures—"

"Alone?" Sam asked suspiciously.

No man as tanned by the suns of the Near East as Jimmy was could blush. But he did look defensive when he said: "No—Hope is coming."

"I'll be seeing you—in the gossip columns," said Sam, then. "You'll be there—you can't miss now!"

He was right. A girl who is worth a million and who is going to marry two million more can't go to Coney Island with a young archaeological assistant without getting herself publicity. Not even if she wears a little blue suit that might have been borrowed from a checkroom girl—and leaves her engagement ring off.

They spent the day at Coney Island, even dined there. Then, from rowdy Coney, Hope took Jimmy to Park Avenue. And Jimmy met Hope's grandmother, whose father had been a gold miner when she was born, and who, though she smoked cigarettes in jade holders and patronized the arts, had a ribald sense of humor and sometimes referred to herself—to her daughter's dismay, but not Hope's—as Minnie the Miner's Daughter.

She had white hair beautifully waved, and very blue eyes that were also shrewd and amused as Jimmy went into his sales talk. It was that, and they both knew it. Hook me if you can! dared her eyes.

He did his best. He didn't show her photographs of Archie or the excavations. The excavations didn't look like much and Archie looked like less. Instead he told her about such things as the tomb of Queen Shub-ad, who had lived and been buried in Mesopotamia.

"And when she died, her whole court was slaughtered and buried with her, complete with gold table service, jewels, gold harps with headpieces of lapis lazuli, gold gods—everything," he said, and added: "Just as if some rich American woman were buried with all her servants, lawyers, secretaries, a car or two, her silverware and jewels."

He made it as dramatic, as colorful, as compelling as he could. He told her about Queen Hatshepsut, the Egyptian Queen Elizabeth who had beards put on her statues to make her look like a man.

"I can understand how she felt," Minnie the Miner's Daughter observed dryly.

For the most part she sat silent. But when he had gone she looked at Hope. "Rather an engaging young man," she observed. "Does Van know about him?"

"Of course," said Hope. "I told him I was going to Coney—"

"And what did Van say?"

"He said he was glad I'd found an interest."

You've got a shaving treat in store—
Try Thin Gillettes—ten cents for four!
They whisk through stubble extra quick—
You look well-groomed—your face feels slick!

New kind of edges on steel hard enough to cut glass!

The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

"He'll make a perfect husband," Minnie prophesied. "Your mother was probably right, after all."

Hope's mother, who was now in Scotland, had urged Hope to accept Van. She had said, "You say you aren't sure you love Van. But you have known him for ages, you have tenderness for him, and respect, and you always have good times together. I can see many advantages in being married to him and no real disadvantage."

And so Hope was to be married in two months, and the prospect of a honeymoon in Africa thrilled her. It had meant plans and buying fascinating things like guns and camp equipment, and poring over maps.

Jimmy? Jimmy had a minicam. Jimmy went odd places. It was fun to be with him, go with him. What was the harm in that?

Even though they did get in the gossip column inevitably:

Lochinvar once came out of the West, but nowadays he comes out of the Near East. Or maybe we're wrong about the young archaeologist who is currently in New York. Maybe his interest in the golden girl he's been seen with repeatedly at such lowbrow spots as Coney and plate-glass-window cafés on Broadway is Purely Platonic. Even as she is supposed to be shopping in preparation for a trip down the middle aisle to plight her troth with a lad who lingers in the hospital, minus his appendix. Still, if *he* is sure that while there is life there is still Hope, why should *we* cavil? At the same time, as somebody has remarked, engagement rings often ring off before weddings do, and any young archaeologist who has been about must know there is more gold in Park Avenue than was ever dug out of Tut's tomb.

ALL very indirect, but the implications weren't. Sam Saunders showed it to Jimmy, who hoped Hope wouldn't see it. Hope's grandmother showed it to Hope, who hoped Jimmy wouldn't see it.

"Nasty!" said Hope to her grandmother.

"Inevitable!" said Minnie to Hope.

Minnie said further, "Tell him I'll write him a check for three thousand if he'll promise to take the next boat to the Near East."

Hope looked startled. Then, "Tell him yourself!" she said.

In the end she herself told Jimmy. At lunch. They had it together. But everything was different somehow. Especially Jimmy. The crack about Park Avenue and the gold there evidently rankled bitterly.

Hope began, tentatively: "It *does* bother you—but why? Surely nobody who knows you could pay any attention to it. I mean—that thing about your—"

She paused. She had meant to say casually, "Marrying me for my money," but it stuck in her throat.

He said it for her. "Anybody who knows any archaeologists knows they'd do anything for money—even marry it," he said grimly.

Hope's eyes widened incredulously. "You don't mean that—"

"Why not?" he asked recklessly. "What's your money mean? To you? You toss it around like confetti. Why should an archaeologist object to using it for something of vital importance?"

Hope stared at him incredulously. Why, he looked resentful! As if he blamed *her*.

So she said stiffly, "Oh, that reminds me. Grandmother said she'd give you a check for three thousand—so you can take the next boat back."

Jimmy looked dazed. Then he swallowed. Then he said, "Thanks." Then he looked up quickly as she rose. "Where are you going? We haven't finished lunch yet."

"I—I don't think I want any more—no, don't bother to leave yours—I'll just say good-by and good luck," she said.

SHE couldn't, somehow, say another word. She was afraid he might follow her, but he didn't. Outside a taxicab driver saw her looking uncertain, swerved in to the curb.

"Where to?" he asked as Hope got in.

Hope didn't want to go back to Park Avenue. So she gave the name of the hospital where Van was.

Van was propped up in bed and his nurse was reading to him.

The nurse was a plain little thing but she had a lovely voice. It could make music, soft and soothing, even though she was reading:

"Only about 6 per cent of Africa is even nominally independent."

She lifted her eyes as Hope came in. They were dark, large, and singularly attractive. Hope smiled at her, then at Van. A wave of tenderness swept over her. You could always chart his every move. Even here in the hospital he was having his poor little nurse read stuff about Africa. By the time they got to Africa the Dark Continent would be all light to him.

The nurse withdrew and Hope kissed Van.

"Did you see that awful thing in the paper?" she asked.

He had, obviously. And his manner was constrained.

"I'll be better," she promised impulsively. "Try to deserve you."

She stayed longer than usual. Presently the nurse came in.

"I'm sorry," she apologized, "but—"

Hope rose. It was only five o'clock. The afternoon had passed. But there was tonight. And tomorrow. And—

Minnie the Miner's Daughter did not seem surprised to see her. "Your young man was here—he left about five minutes ago," she said.

Hope said flatly, "He's *not* my young man." And added, casually she hoped, "What did he come for?"

"For three thousand dollars," her grandmother replied dryly.

"Did you give it to him?" Hope asked.

"Yes—and he's sailing at 7 P. M. tomorrow on one of the American Export boats."

Hope gasped, "What?" and added hastily, "I mean, what of it?"

She told herself that if he called up and suggested seeing her again, she would say she was sorry but she had another engagement.

It was 2 A. M. of the day when Jimmy was to sail at 7 P. M. when she decided that he really wasn't going to call and that she might as well go to bed. The night was hot and she didn't sleep well, yet she awoke earlier than usual. Even so, she had already been called twice, her maid told her, by Mr. Stuart.

JUST then the phone rang again, and Jimmy said breathlessly, "I hate to check out on the note we parted on yesterday. Could you have lunch with me today? At two? I sail tonight, and I've got to shop for stuff for the expedition this morning. I'd ask you to do that, but—"

"But I love shopping for stuff like that," Hope said.

That was true. A lot of the fun of being engaged to Van had been shopping for the safari. Going into swank places and having deferential clerks demonstrate everything from patent collapsible cups to elephant guns that would wreck an express train.

But Jimmy's shopping was different.

"The ten-cent store?" she echoed, astonished, when he met her at eleven.

Jimmy smiled. "I can get almost everything I need at a ten-cent store—didn't I tell you it was *that* sort of expedition?"

He bought no gadgets. He bought pencils and blocks of paper and dozens of toothbrushes.

"What are you going to do with so many?" she asked.

"We can use them—and more," he said. "Send me your old ones. They are invaluable for cleaning figured work."

He bought white ink for marking basalt, grapefruit knives to clean the inside of pottery vases. He bought hairpins to dig dirt out of crevices, reams of paper towels.

"We wet them and make impressions of inscriptions," he explained. "When they dry they look like Braille. I wish I were staying longer," he added ruefully. "I had hoped to dig up some dentist who would contribute a few old chisels and other instruments of torture—we could use some of them, too."

Nevertheless he was pleased with his loot. "Wait until Archie sees all this," he said. And then, "I'd like to take something back to Daphne—something rather nice. To wear. Can you suggest anything?"

"Tell me about her," she suggested.

So, as they walked up Fifth Avenue, Jimmy told her what he knew about Daphne: her girlhood as the prettiest deb in Savannah; her marriage; her life as the wife of an archaeologist.

"You like her a lot, don't you?" Hope remarked.

"She's tops!" he said. "One in a million."

And Hope wished, suddenly, that some man would say that of her some day, in exactly that tone of voice.

"Does she like the work?" she asked Jimmy.

"She loves Archie," Jimmy said. "If she didn't, it might be hell. But her life is Archie's and his life is archaeology—"

"And yours?" Hope interrupted.

A traffic light flashed red. She was looking at him, did not see it. He caught her arm, detained her.

"I don't know," he said. "I went into the work as a stopgap. I expected to spend perhaps a year out there. But now—" He paused, considered. "I told you it was like a disease. I'm afraid it is. I read something that explains it better than I can. It's—"

The traffic light was green now; he released her arm.

"It's 'The sense of destiny of man runs strong like a river, dragging in the men and women who stand too near.' That's archaeology for you."

Hope said nothing. But she visioned Archie and Daphne. And visioned Jimmy with them. She didn't know what to say. She saw a coat in a window. It was tweedy, it was smart.

"That coat in the window—has Daphne got one?" she asked.

Jimmy glanced at it. "No," he said.

"Then she'll love it," said Hope.

IT was after two when they lunched, and that was, in a way, an anticlimax. He chose a little out-of-the-way restaurant.

"Where the columnists won't discover you," he said lightly.

"Don't!" she protested sharply.

"I'm sorry," he said. His hand reached across the table, closed over hers. She did not move her hand. It was his that withdrew.

Then, "It was sweet of you to come," he said. "I bless you for it. And I want you to believe that all this has been something to remember."

He stopped there, then added: "For always. I mean it!"

That was all. But what his eyes revealed, what was ingrained in his voice, was as unmistakable as it was sweet.

The waiter pricked the moment. Ready to take their order. They were neither of them hungry. Jimmy talked some about his work, showed her a picture of Daphne. As he drew it from his billfold another came with it. Of Hope herself. Taken at Coney Island.

"I didn't know you took that!" she exclaimed.

"I didn't intend you to," he said.

She looked at it. "It's awful!"

"I don't think so," he said.

Just that. It was plain that he wasn't going to say any more. Ever. Not even when he said good-by to her—standing bareheaded beside the taxi he had gotten for her. He had never tried to kiss her. He didn't even now,

"I've always dreamed you'd look this beautiful"...

Pepsodent with Irium Cleans Away Dingy Surface-Stains that Hide True Beauty of Teeth

Official Dental Opinion, representing 47,000 dentists, declares Pepsodent Safe, Effective, Truthfully Advertised ...so you know you can trust it fully to remove Surface-Stains that make teeth look discolored.

THE beauty of teeth... their clear, clean, undulled luster, accents your personal charm. To keep teeth beautiful, remove the Surface-Stains that hide their brilliance. But be sure you do it safely.

You can depend on Pepsodent for the utmost in safety and effectiveness in cleaning away these ugly Surface-Stains. Because of all tooth pastes and tooth powders, Pepsodent alone contains Irium, known to dentists as Purified Alkyl Sulfate. Take the advice of the official spokesmen for 47,000 dentists who say Pepsodent is safe, effective, truthfully advertised.

So, you see, you can trust Pepsodent with Irium. You can have complete confidence in what you read in Pepsodent advertisements like this. Switch to Pepsodent with Irium today. See how much brighter your teeth will look when Surface-Stains are gone.

This Seal is Proof
PEPSODENT is
✓ Safe ✓ Effective
✓ Truthfully Advertised

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

Pepsodent GRAND TOOTH PASTE

PEPSODENT IRIUM

though he knew she would have let him. He merely shook hands.

"Good luck—always!" he said.

But he was still standing there, looking after the taxi, as long as she could see. That was the way she would remember him. Or would she? At six thirty he was aboard the liner, standing at the stern. She found him there.

"Hope!" he said, astounded. "You—here!"

Her eyes did not quite meet his. "I—I've brought you something. A lot of dentist chisels. You said—"

He kissed her. He hadn't meant to. He said so at once.

"Why not?" she asked.

"For the same reason I didn't this afternoon. It's not wise—"

"Why not?" she asked again.

He told her. She was engaged. Even if she weren't, he had nothing to offer her. She listened. Then her eyes did meet his.

"You talk like some silly novel," she flung at him. "The—the question is, are you just talking or—or do you really love me?"

All he said was, "Oh my Lord!"

Hope said, "Well, that's something to offer me, isn't it?"

"But—" he began.

But he had no chance to finish anything. The liner was sailing at seven. And Hope knew it.

Hope said: "I'm not a mantel ornament that can't take it. What do you mean by thinking I've got to have luxury? Haven't you a higher opinion of me than that? If Daphne can, why can't I?"

Hope said: "*I'm* not going to be the heroine of any mid-Victorian novel. You're in my blood now—that's that!"

He managed to say, "But you have no idea what the life is like—"

Hope said: "All I know is what life would be without you. I'd always be wondering what you were doing, how you were. I—is it because you are afraid people will say you married me for money?"

"I'd forgotten your money. I was thinking of Van—"

"I—I told him this afternoon," she said.

"Told him!" Jimmy echoed, astonished. "Told him what?"

"That I couldn't marry him," Hope said. She hesitated. "I—I don't think he minds so much. His nurse is plain, but she has the loveliest eyes and voice. She adores him and—"

A whistle blew ear-splittingly. Jimmy glanced at Hope.

"I'm going to cross with you," she said stubbornly. "Why do you think I rushed off and got those dentist chisels? You—you said that first night I was a Cinderella in reverse—that *you* had to leave *me*. I couldn't pursue you now with a glass slipper, but I got the chisels and—"

She stopped. A steward was at her elbow. He held a silver platter toward her. On the platter was a telegram.

"For me?" Hope asked. "It can't be. Nobody knows I'm here."

But it was addressed to her, and she opened it. Inside were two sheets.

IF YOU ARE ABOARD THE STEAMER [the first sheet began] AS I EXPECT YOU ARE I WISH TO REMIND YOU THAT YOUR MOTHER WILL UNDOUBTEDLY TELL ME I SHOULD HAVE LOOKED OUT FOR YOU PERIOD SO I HAVE ASKED THE CAPTAIN IF HE CAN MARRY YOU AND HE SAYS HE CAN PERIOD I HAVE ALSO RESERVED SUITE A FOR YOU AND IN IT YOU WILL FIND A TRUNK BECAUSE AFTER ALL THE SUITCASE YOU SNEAKED OUT SEEMS HARDLY SUFFICIENT

That ended the first sheet. Hope thrust it at Jimmy and read on:

A CABLEGRAM JUST RECEIVED FROM YOUR MOTHER SAYS SHE WILL RETURN ON SEPTEMBER FIRST SO I PLAN TO SAIL FROM NEW YORK ON AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH AND WILL BE SEEING YOU SOON PERIOD JIMMY I EXPECT TO MAKE GOOD ON THAT QUEEN WHO WANTED A BEARD STUFF AND SHOW ME THE WORKS ELSE I WILL DISINHERIT YOU BOTH

It was signed just MINNIE THE MINER'S DAUGHTER.

Jimmy finished it and looked at Hope, about to say something. But then, as she lifted her transfigured face, shutting her shining eyes very tight, he changed his mind.

Evidently she was waiting for something. He didn't keep her waiting long.

THE END

YOUNG AS I AM, I'VE LEARNED I HAVE TO GUARD AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING SKIN!

WHY BEAUTY-WISE GIRLS EVERYWHERE USE THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS!

ANNE! WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOUR SKIN? IT LOOKS SO DRY AND LIFELESS— AND MAKES YOU LOOK AT LEAST 25 INSTEAD OF ONLY 18!
I KNOW IT, SIS! I'M AWFULLY UPSET ABOUT IT— BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO?
MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? YOU KNOW HOW WELL IT ALWAYS AGREES WITH MY SKIN!
THAT'S TRUE—AND YOUR COMPLEXION ALWAYS HAS BEEN MUCH NICER THAN MINE SO MAYBE IT IS PALMOLIVE THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE!
WELL, YOU SEE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
THAT SETTLES IT! PALMOLIVE FOR ME FROM NOW ON!

MADE WITH *Olive and Palm Oils* TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

"A barrel of whiskey stood beneath a tree. Fist fights were frequent. Shouting and huzzaing rose in volume."

Why Crooks Win Elections

BECAUSE YOU DON'T VOTE

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Ballots and the bosses! Here are some eye-opening facts

By

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

WE may think, when we go to the polls this November, that we are going to vote for Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Willkie. Actually, we shall do nothing of the kind.

Lying before me as I write these words is a most curious and grotesque collection — the forty-eight various and sundry kinds of ballots laid before the voters of the United States by the forty-eight state election systems in order to elect two men—a President and Vice-President.

All that was necessary to put on any of these ballots were the names of the national candidates. But what do we find? In a dozen or more states, the voter who opens his ballot is confronted with a long row of kindergarten pictures. For example, if he is an Alabama voter, he finds that the Democratic Party has a crowing rooster over whose head floats the banner "White Supremacy"; the Communist Party, a mallet and sickle; the Prohibition Party, a rose; the Republican Party, two clasped hands; the Union Party, a circle circumscribing a triangle on which is printed "Agriculture, Labor, Industry."

If he is a Michigander, he finds a picture gallery of nine lithographs: Union flag with Lincoln's picture for Republicans; another flag carrying photo of F. D. R. for Democrats; torch carrying the word "Reason" for Socialists; sickle and mallet for Communists; three men in a circle—workman, farmer, and dapper politician—for the Farmer-Labor Party; uplifted arm and hammer for Socialist Labor; two prancing bucks and an eagle for the Commonwealth Party; Liberty bell decorated with cuts of Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton for the American Party; and a bowed buffalo in a storm for the "Third Party."

Rhode Island, the smallest state of all, gets out the largest

ballot cluttered with political "art."

"What in the world does this stuff mean, and what is it all about?" the voter may ask himself. Then it dawns upon him that the election judges suspect that he has never been to school, is unable to read!

These picture signs increase the ballot printing bill 40 per cent or more and give the officeholders in power a "printing graft." They enable the party machine and the ward boss to herd voters in blocks by voting them for a party emblem. Otherwise, they serve no practical purpose.

Passing by the pictures, the voter comes to the strangest collection of most unheard-of names, all races and languages, he ever saw. It is the useless list of Presidential electors—a senseless formality that has been dead since the horseback days of Andrew Jackson.

I call your attention in this connection to the late Senator Beveridge's description of old-time elections in his masterly Life of John Mashall:

"A long bench was placed on the courthouse green, and upon it the local magistrates, acting as election judges, had taken their seats. By their sides sat the two candidates for Congress. As each elector came forward from the crowd to declare his preference, the favored candidate rose bowing, and thanked his supporter. . . .

"A barrel of whiskey, free for everybody, stood beneath a tree, and the majority took it straight. So hot became the contest that fist fights were frequent. Throughout the day the shouting and huzzaing rose in volume as the whiskey sank in the barrel."

That was 1799. The electoral college as we know it dates from 1804. One is as appropriate as the other to the requirements of the 1940 electorate!

ANOTHER thing we may think about the election is that either Mr. Willkie or Mr. Roosevelt will be elected by a majority vote of their fellow countrymen. Well, no President of the United States ever has been so elected. This statement is literally true. In the Harding-Cox campaign of 1920 a majority of the potential electorate didn't even bother to vote, and in the Coolidge-Davis campaign of 1924, only 3 per cent over a majority voted. Since 1924—thanks in part to the efforts of Simon Michelet and his National Get-Out-the-Vote Club—our record has been gradually improving, but not enough to keep any winning candidate, so far, from being a minority President.

This very general abstention from voting by those entitled to do so cannot be laid wholly to apathy. The obstacles which crooked political bosses have put in the way of our voting intelligently and effectively are often seemingly insurmountable.

In spite of our constitutional guaranties, the right to vote is still limited in eight states by a subterfuge known as the poll tax, which was invented by Roman conquerors more than two thousand years ago. In some of these eight states, in order to vote this fall, a citizen must have paid his poll tax before February 1, nine months before the November election and six months before the candidates were even nominated. Unless the citizen makes politics a matter of habit, he will wake up toward election day and realize that he was already disfranchised way back in February.

Up to 1920 there were eleven states in the poll-tax group. Their combined vote, during the twenty-year period, 1896-1916, had shrunk 18 per cent, whereas the combined electorate had grown 50 per cent larger.

North Carolina in 1920, quit the poll-tax group. Louisiana later did likewise. So, in the Presidential election of 1936 the poll-tax group included nine states. With a combined electorate of over 12,000,000 citizens, these nine poll-taxed states in 1936 cast barely 3,000,000 votes, or less than a quarter of their potential electorate.

Since 1936, Florida has seen the light.

THE most grievous victim of the bad effect of the poll tax is Virginia—the proud mother of eight Presidents of the United States. In the census of 1930, Virginia had 400,000 more citizens of voting age than its neighbor, non-poll tax West Virginia, but in 1936 it polled 500,000 fewer votes. The plight of Texas, the "banner state of democracy," is nearly as bad. "Popular elections" foisted on the good people of Texas by their political bosses are often little short of farces.

If, as some people say, this poll-tax prerequisite to voting is aimed only at the colored citizens, the aim has turned out to be poor. Two thirds of the potential white voters of Virginia, for example, are, for all practical purposes, disfranchised. The figure in Texas is 70 per cent. In all the poll-taxed states, in 1936, there were over 5,000,000 native white citizens of voting age who were voteless.

Northern political bosses are more subtle. They don't say to the prospective voter, "You can't." They say, "Go ahead; but for every honest vote you cast, we'll cast two dishonest ones." In Chicago, after a year's investigation, it was discovered that 150,000 of the 2,000,000 enrolled voters were not even United States citizens. And in Mayor Hague's Jersey City it has long been maintained that there are more voters listed on the registration books than there are adults eligible to vote in the entire city!

Still another thing which we, in our innocence, are likely to take for granted is that the votes are counted during election day, or at the latest during election night, and thus the minimum opportunity is afforded for ballot-box stuffing. The truth is that the "results" which we read in our newspapers the morning after our votes are cast are little more than guesses. In only eleven states, in the Presidential election of 1936 were the returns officially canvassed during election week. Election laws of forty states, following moss-grown precedent, delayed the county canvass a week or two, and the state canvass a fortnight to a month.

There is little question that by using modern methods and machines every state in the Union could complete its county official canvass by the Thursday after election and its state canvass by the Saturday. Seven states—Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Kentucky, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island—already equal or beat that record. These seven start their county canvass *on election evening* or by Wednesday noon, whereas the majority of the states wait, as in the ox-team days, a week or two—and then, pursuant to obsolete laws, take advantage of what the law calls "six postponements." These unseemly delays are a standing invitation to ballot stuffing, ballot destruction, and falsification of returns.

The crime wave that swept over Kansas City elections a few years ago resulted in thirty-six indictments in the first session of the federal grand jury and seventy-five in the next session. Said the trial judge:

"There is no pretense that the defendants are not guilty of almost every conceivable ballot-box crime."

But Missouri's boss-dictated election laws themselves give full opportunity for falsifying the count and canvass of ballots. In cities of 100,000 and over, the law allows eight days after the close of the election for the city's board of election commissioners to make its canvass. Whereas, in the county and city of San Francisco, California, where voting machines are employed, the returns must be compiled and canvassed *within three hours.*

IF the Missouri political bosses had permitted laws authorizing an immediate canvass, or had provided for voting machines, such election frauds could not have been perpetrated because there would have been no opportunity to perpetrate them.

And the eight days allowed by the antique Missouri statutes are a short time compared with the period afforded for crookedness in many of the states.

Look first on this picture: In one state, Rhode Island, operating under the new law of 1935, the entire period of canvassing the state election returns covers only three days.

And then on this: In five states—Oregon, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, and Wyoming—the period is permitted by law to cover a full month.

The difference is simply that Rhode Island's canvass is up to date and fits modern facilities of travel and communication, whereas the election laws of those five states are based upon the pioneer conditions that prevailed a generation or two ago.

The same modern transportation and communication facilities are at the service of Wyoming as, for example, of Rhode Island. Wyoming has longer trips to make, but forty-eight hours will carry returns from all points to the state capital. Yet it took Wyoming nearly a month longer to canvass its 103,382 votes in the 1936 election than it took Rhode Island to canvass its 311,716 votes.

Wyomingites are no slower than Rhode Islanders. It simply happens that Wyoming's political bosses see fit not to bring its election laws up to date. The same thing is true of Nevada, which takes ten times as long to canvass 43,000 votes as Rhode Island does to canvass 311,000.

Nevertheless, real progress is being made toward the twin goal of a simplified vote and a prompt, honest count. Only a few of the forty-eight states have as yet availed themselves of such modern facilities as adding machines and voting machines, motorcars and modern highways, fast mails and electric devices. But many towns and cities have turned independently toward modern methods; and in two states—New York and Rhode Island—for the first time in the country's history, *all votes in all election precincts* were cast and counted in 1938 by machines.

It seems likely that in the not too distant future a majority of the vote in a majority of the states will be polled and counted, canvassed and verified by machines — just as the business and financial statistics of the world are compiled — with no chances for stuffing the ballot boxes or tampering with the count or bungling and delaying the state and county canvass.

Even the silly, complicated, and confusing long ballot is yielding to common sense and the sense of fair play. Nebraska showed the way by erasing from its ballot all the dead waste, including the picture gallery of symbols. Nebraska's compact ballot, covering national, state, congressional, and judiciary candidates, takes up a space of only twelve by eighteen inches.

Connecticut now covers all national and state candidates of six national parties with a ballot ten by twenty inches. Massachusetts compresses the national and state candidates of seven national parties, including members of the state legislature, into eighteen by twenty-four inches. Omitting the names of Presidential electors cuts down the ballot space 50 per cent.

Minnesota has condensed its national and state ballot, including candidates of six parties and a list of judicial offices without party designation, into one strip six inches wide and two feet long. Congressional, legislative, and county offices go on a second ballot.

Vermont's voting is reduced to simplicity and clearness by giving the voter three small ballot slips—national, state, and local—each reduced to the simplest terms.

Other states have shown similar cheering trends toward modernization. In 1936, fourteen provided for a party-group vote for Presidential electors, fifteen gave the voter the option of a group vote, and others provided for a "straight party" cross mark. Thirty-four states had no picture emblems on their ballots in 1936.

Who knows? The time may come when that other ancient nuisance, the electoral college, will be legislated out of existence!

Meanwhile, there is something that the voter himself can do to make election stealing, and political corruption generally, more difficult, and that is: *Vote!* In the light of the inspiring results which, within the past few years, in a city as notoriously boss-ridden as New York, the honest electorate has achieved, overthrowing the bosses and crushing their machine simply by getting out and going to the polls, there is no longer any real excuse for the American citizen who neglects to vote. If he will go to the polls this fall, the chances are that he will not be wasting his time as he may have done in the past.

There is still much to be done—north, south, east, and west. We cannot yet say that it is impossible in free America for a crook to win an election. But we can already glimpse the day when it will be!

THE END

JEEVES! THE BUTTER BLOTTERS
WHEN YOU SERVE CORN ON THE COB SERVE KLEENEX TO CATCH THE BUTTER DRIPPINGS. YOU'LL FIND IT'S A BIG HELP-- SAVES NAPKINS AND CUTS LAUNDRY COST.
(from a letter by M. J. W., Gary, Ind.)
"Tell me Another" says KLEENEX* and win $5.00
for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX at 919 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Ill.
P. VAN BUREN
POPS UP!
ONLY KLEENEX TISSUES HAVE THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX TO END WASTE! PULL A DOUBLE TISSUE STRAIGHT UP... NEXT ONE POPS UP READY FOR USE!
SHE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES!
SMART GIRL! CARRIES KLEENEX TO THE BEACH...USES IT TO WIPE OFF HER HANDS AFTER APPLYING SUN-TAN OIL... TO WIPE THE BOTTLE... TO REMOVE THE OIL BEFORE PUTTING HER SWANKY ROBE BACK ON!
(from a letter by B. M., Glencoe, Ill.)
Adopt the Kleenex Habit
* Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LIBERTY'S *Short Short*

Romance

By S. GORDON GURWIT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PAT McLEAN slowed down and watched them as they walked along —a girl, and a young man carrying a suitcase. They seemed to be quarreling, quietly, intently, but the girl's hand touched the boy's as they walked toward Grant's Tomb. They didn't look like out-of-towners sightseeing. Their clothes, the pigskin bag, everything about them proclaimed Park Avenue. Pat flattered himself that he knew humanity by virtue of years of experience driving a taxi in New York. It was going to rain, and then they'd be glad of a cab.

Just as he made the turn to come back, the November sun vanished and a steady rain began to fall. They stood at the curb, looking for a cab. He whirled up, flung open the door.

The girl got in and the young man followed. Pat opened the glass partition and asked, "Where to?"

"Oh"—the young man was indefinite—"just stick to the parkway, slowly. Out toward Port Chester."

Pat nodded. He left the partition open, for the young man had closed the rear windows to keep out the wind-whipped rain. They'd have to have some fresh air in the cab.

"Not too far, Jerry," he heard the girl say with a husky sweetness. "I'll—I'll have to be back in time."

"Good Lord!" objected the young man bitterly. "Your ship doesn't sail until midnight! We've got time."

"But mother won't know what happened to me!" she protested. "She's already on board. I had to—invent this—about forgetting some of my things—so I could meet you—"

"So we have to *sneak* our last hours together, drag your suitcase along, as if we were a couple of—"

"Please, Jerry!" There was a break in her voice. "Mother means well — she just doesn't understand."

"I'll say she doesn't! Or does she? Why kid ourselves? Glennister's taking the cruise too, isn't he? Absence makes the heart grow fonder—of some one else! What does she care how I feel? Or you? The main thing is that you're to make a safe marriage—money, position, security—meaning Art Glennister! Does she know we even got our license last week? Does she know we'd have been married by now if her *very* sudden sickness—"

"Darling—I couldn't leave her when she was ill! And now Dr. Long says she must have sun, and—"

They had forgotten that the partition was open; they were absorbed in their own tragedy.

The November gloom deepened. The parkway grew black. Pat drove automatically and listened. He began to feel passionately sorry for these two, so desperately in love, so loath to leave each other. The girl's head was on the young man's shoulder, the rear-vision mirror told him.

"You'll write to me?" asked the young man.

"Every day, darling! Oh, Jerry—I won't forget!"

Pat drove on through the thickening rain. The heartbreak behind him penetrated. His initiated eyes watched the road. This stretch was deserted; no houses in sight, few cars. The ignition wires were fastened to the steering-post lock. With his thumbnail he unscrewed one. The engine stopped.

"Something wrong," he called back. "Just sit tight, folks. I'll have a look." He climbed out of the cab and lifted the hood. He stared at the motor, put the hood down, and climbed back into the cab. "Must be a short under the dash," he said. "I'll have her fixed in a jiffy."

He began his search under the dash, a twinkle in his eyes. After five minutes of fruitless tinkering, the girl called, "Driver, isn't there a gas station or a house where we could phone?"

"Not here, ma'am. It's a couple of miles, either way, to any house or phone. I'll find the trouble," he promised. "We won't be here long. You see," he confided, "I know this section. Used to have a—a girl who lived in Harrison—long before the parkway went through. Sure was a long time ago!" He frowned. "Yep! I got back from the war just in time for her funeral. More'n twenty years." He shook his head.

The girl stared at him. "What—happened to her?"

Pat shrugged. "I never did know rightly, ma'am, but I had an idea. We were just a couple of kids in love, see? Her old man didn't like me. I was just a young punk without any dough—an' I was goin' to war. The old man said if I got back an' found a good job, why, he'd consider the matter. Well, she and I figured we could wait—we were young. But her old man was smart. He figured partin' us would do the trick. I guess it did. When I got back, I heard she'd married a guy who got rich on war babies; an' then, kinda sudden, she died.

"Kinda breaks you up when you get a punch in the nose like that," Pat went on. "I was out on my feet. Got t' drivin' a cab. Things don't mean much to a guy if he hasn't got his right partner along."

There was a tense silence behind him. The girl's embattled eyes were wet with pitying tears; her hand lay intimately in the young man's.

Pat bent down under the dash again. There was a whispered consultation behind him.

The young man said, "But I've got it in my pocket, honey! And she can get the sun without you!" More whispers, swift and hurried; then the young man called, "Driver! If you can get this hack going—and have enough gas to get to Rye—"

"You bet! Just located the trouble. Loose nut. Have it tight in a jiffy."

"O. K.!" said the young man. "Get going!"

PAT got going. He stopped finally, on direction, in front of a minister's home, and the young man handed him an extra ten spot above the meter reading. And he said:

"Thanks, fella. I think your terrible experience should be a lesson. We'll never forget you."

Pat drove back in a mellow glow. A long-haul fare and an extra ten spot! He pulled up in front of his Bronx flat and ran up the stairs. A stout florid woman confronted him.

"Where've you been?" she demanded.

"Got a swell fare, Ann," he chuckled, "an' a swell tip—"

"Don't lie to me!" she said angrily. "Shootin' pool, most likely! I haven't been married to you for twenty-five years without knowing your blarney! You make up everything as you go along. Seems to me you'd consider your five kids and come home to supper at a decent hour!"

His quick grin vanished. He went to wash his hands at the kitchen sink. "Well," he told himself silently, "it coulda happened—sure it could!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

Lifting and Spanking Machine: It paddles, and gives the hands an electric shock.

The Gentle Art of TORTURE

Prelude to statesmanship! A citizen-voter ponders an American phenomenon

Tooth Pulling Stunt.

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ONE of the more earnestly held beliefs among the females of our great land is so universal that they have reduced it to a formula. To wit: "All of you men are just great big overgrown boys." I am perverse enough to reject the half-hearted compliment that is often intended by that tolerant remark. You never hear the ladies praising themselves as "just great big overgrown girls."

Electric Branding Iron.

It has never given me any pleasure to reflect upon my boss, the President and senators and judges of my country, or the generals of my army as boys, however overgrown they may be. To see a President, or for that matter a congressman, give some hapless victim the hotfoot would not be a very edifying spectacle. I do not believe I could enjoy so mild a form of prankishness as tying a tin can to a dog's tail in a spirit of relaxation from the grave concerns of life.

Yet a document has lately arrived upon my desk which stirs some very disquieting thoughts. In itself, it is nothing more sinister than Catalog No. 439, issued by DeMoulin Bros. & Co., of Greenville, Illinois. Its purpose is to offer for general sale certain items which it describes as "Burlesque and Side Degree Specialties. Paraphernalia and Costumes."

Drinking the Goat's Blood.

Opening the volume at random, I come upon Item No. D422, called Drinking the Goat's Blood, and described in the following terms:

Whether it be the Camel, Tiger, Elk, Eagle, Moose, Owl or Goat, there can be no more appropriate ceremony than serving the candidate with the blood of the animal, in order that he might be thoroughly imbued with the spirit and life of the organization. When the invitation is first extended, the candidate smacks his lips and even has thoughts of some "home brew," but when he takes a look at the contents of the tub, his stomach turns upside down. He sees the "blood" adulterated with old shoes, rags, feathers, leaves, sticks, etc. And as the attendant draws a glass of the "blood" for the candidate, some of the members spit into the tub, others throw in cuds of tobacco, others cigar butts. It is needless to say that the candidate is extremely reluctant about taking the drink, and it may be necessary for

The Guillotine.

By MORRIS MARKEY

DON'T LET THOSE FLEAS STAY ON YOUR DOG

—any longer than it takes you to get Pulvex Flea Powder from your dealer

Among those fleas now on your dog, some may be carriers of *tapeworm larva or sarcoptic mange*. For fleas, warns U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Circular No. 338, can transmit tapeworms or sarcoptic mange to dogs. Consequently, never allow your dog to remain infested with fleas or lice!

If your dog is scratching, assume he has fleas. Don't take chances! Stop his torments without delay. Protect him against the possibility of getting tapeworms or sarcoptic mange from fleas. Pulvex him at once!

Pulvex Flea Powder kills every flea with incredible speed. None ever revive to reinfest. Also destroys lice, ticks, sticktites. *Kills fleas, too, when put on a single spot.*

As Pulvex is borated, it helps allay itching from scratching. Even more important—

YOUR DOG WILL BE ABSOLUTELY PROTECTED AGAINST FLEA INFESTATIONS if you use Pulvex by the astounding "minute-a-week" control method described in folder on can. Is your dog scratching? Then act! Get a can of Pulvex Flea Powder at once! At drug, department and pet stores, 50c.

ASK DEALER TO SHOW YOU THIS FOLDER

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

PULVEX FLEA SOAP oils and grooms the coat, deodorizes, cleans and destroys the fleas, only 25c!

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

"I have tried other remedies but always go back to SALICON as it agrees with me the best. I can't get along without it."
Mrs. L. S., Dorchester, Mass.

RELIEVE PAIN
Caused by rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, head colds, headaches, or bad days, with FAST ACTING
Salicon Tablets 25c
NO ACETANILID
NO ACETPHENETIDIN
NO OTHER HARSH DRUGS

several attendants to help serve the refreshments. The liquid is actually drawn from a separate container in bottom.

D422—Drinking the Goat's Blood $12.50

A trifle crude, perhaps. But intended, no doubt, for college fraternity initiations, and sophomores are entitled to their silly season.

But wait a minute. DeMoulin Bros. & Co. are not addressing their message to college fraternities. There are countless warm testimonials scattered through the volume, and they are from grown men, from lodges and societies—from all manner of secret orders, Sanctorums, Friendship Courts and Pyramids. I quote:

"Our attendance has been on an average of about 40 or 50, but since we received your paraphernalia our attendance has increased for the last six weeks to about 175 to 200 members. . . ."

The picture grows before the eyes: A seemly town by a river, and its business men and artisans, its civic leaders and virile minds flocking to the newly found excitement of drinking the Goat's Blood or watching the same be drunk.

The implications are clear at once. It is the nature of our political system that the vote hunter who does not join up with as many lodges as he can afford will never rise higher in the affairs of state than dogcatcher or, at best, Fourth Assistant County Prosecutor. It would be almost impossible to name a politician of any note soever who does not carry the cards of half a dozen orders or lodges in his pocketbook. He knows the secret grips and the passwords and, by the same token, he has drunk of the Goat's Blood—or lent himself to equally revolting shenanigans.

WHAT else do we find in our fascinating book? Well, here is Item No. D227. It is ornamented with a drawing which shows a poor wretch being held in a chair by a hooded dignitary. He is blindfolded. His britches are pulled down and his shirttail pulled up to expose the skin of his back. Off at the left, a branding iron is getting red-hot on a brazier. And a creature in devil's costume is preparing to administer its searing touch. The text beneath:

Because we show here the Devil in the act of branding a candidate, we would not have you construe this as an inference that every new member belongs to his Satanic Majesty. No, not by any means! But that is the impression the victim gets. When he has seen his adversary ready to perform this terrible (?) operation, when he has felt the hot (?) iron and smelt the odor of his own burning flesh, he will be thoroughly convinced that the infernal region is just around the corner. The electric brand is harmless in action, no objectionable features. The hot iron brand is only a bluff, the electric brand being the only one applied. Burning sensation ceases as soon as brand is removed.

Item D227.....$15.75

You have gathered, of course, that the core and essence of this novel amusement is torture. First you terrify the victim half out of his wits, and then you laugh fit to kill at his shame over so much needless terror.

The catalogue runs to some 190 pages. The chief place of honor is given to various shrewdly designed electric-shock machines — in carpets and wire cages, in rods and chairs and clothing. There appears to be something particularly hilarious in shooting a couple of stinging volts through some part of the human anatomy (the fundament preferred) and watching the victim writhe in astonished and grotesque pain.

BUT the manufacturers' ingenuity does not end with electricity, by any means. Item D264 is a superbly simulated guillotine, with careful instructions for making the candidate feel certain that his head will be chopped off. This costs $37, but the accessories also listed give an illuminating clue: "Cloth spattered with blood and showing signs of struggle, on which to place guillotine and candidate. Not essential but very desirable. $3.75." And "Decapitated head, of papier-mâché, realistic. Not essential but very desirable. $3.50."

There is machinery to give the candidate a complete burial, coffin and all. There are collapsible chairs and thrones and tables. There is a little specialty wherein the victim is given only a baseball catcher's mitt and mask to receive a ball from a highly realistic cannon.

The catalogue doesn't say so, of course, but the very great idea in

GABRIEL HEATTER
ON THE AIR for Liberty
Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M.
Baltimore	WBAL 8:00 E.S.T.	Los Angeles	KHJ 7:30 P.S.T.
Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.D.T.	Minneapolis	KSTP 9:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo	WGR 10:00 E.D.T.	New York	WOR 9:00 E.D.T.
Chicago	WGN 8:00 C.D.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.D.T.
Cleveland	WHK 8:00 E.S.T.	San Diego	KGB 7:30 P.S.T.
Detroit	WXYZ 8:00 E.S.T.	San Francisco	KFRC 7:30 P.S.T.
		St. Louis	KWK 7:00 C.S.T.

most of these affairs is to give the poor soul the impression that something may be wrong. Of course he knows that the boys don't *intend* to kill him. But what if the gadget balks at the wrong moment? What if they forget to put the sponge-rubber ball in the cannon instead of the real article which has been handed around? These guys aren't professionals. What if they fail to put the check-block in that guillotine thing?

That's where the fun comes in.

But for touching refinement, I give you Item D774, labeled simply "Tooth Pulling Stunt":

This is a mighty keen set-back for the candidate who thinks he is wise to all the lodge tricks. Just pull a wisdom tooth or two; let him spit out the pieces and the blood. He'll be willing to admit that even after the loss of his wisdom teeth he is wiser than he was before. The impression which this stunt produces upon the candidate is the nearest possible approach to a real tooth-pulling ordeal. He hears the tooth crack; he feels the spurt of warm blood in his mouth; he spits out the blood and the pieces of his broken tooth. Seeing is believing—sometimes.

D774 Tooth Extractor.....$4.00

Ladies and gents, it is demonstrable that a vast number of our statesmen, our distinguished citizens who guide our lives with what nimbleness they can manage, have gone through such appalling experiences as these. For, as I have pointed out, these great men were elected to their stations; to be elected they had to get votes; and to get votes they had to join up with those bands of merry-andrews who have been patronizing DeMoulin Bros. & Co. since its founding in 1892 (or similar companies).

NOW, I submit that to be the victim of one of these sadistic stunts is humiliating. To stand by and guffaw while some other poor devil is victimized is degrading, no less. Humiliating experiences and degrading ones have a way of leaving a mark upon a man. It is not a pretty mark. And it endures a very long time.

There never was a practical joke that was either good or funny. And this sort of mass practical joke, where a single miserable soul is surrounded by a crowd of men intent upon humbling him, smells too much like a lynching for my taste. I'm no professional psychologist, but my guess is that the emotions involved are about the same.

If I ran afoul of the law, and dutiful policemen were trying to heave my carcass into the jailhouse, I would not like to think that my judge had drunk the Goat's Blood or been the star performer in the Tooth Pulling Stunt that time he joined up with the Brothers of Jephthah or the Royal Order of Southpaws because their votes looked good to him. It is highly possible that I would deserve the jailhouse, all right. But I would rather go there on my own demerits, so to speak, than because my judge once engaged in barbaric didos with torture as their base, and could never get them out of his mind—his subconscious mind.

Now, heaven forbid that I should appear to be laboring a case for the stuffed shirt, the humorless sourpuss in the high places. Laughter is a noble blessing. If pressed, I would not insist too stubbornly that all fun be either good or clean. Whisky-drinking, poker-playing old men can sit in my front parlor any time; and I wouldn't be above asking the ladies to excuse us for a little while if the stories promised to be good.

But getting your fun out of an elaborate hocus-pocus designed solely to make another human being as miserable as possible springs, I think, from some unholy reaches of the soul. It is well enough for the ladies to speak of their big overgrown boys. But all of the plain, un-overgrown boys that I know give up torturing animals and pulling the hair of little girls well before they get into long pants. The characterization is a libel on boys.

In parting, I should say that I have no bitterness toward the estimable house of DeMoulin Bros. & Co., nor do I wish ill times to befall them. There is no hate in my heart toward the lodges and the societies and the orders which the firm serves so faithfully and so well. But when Election Day comes around, I shall conduct a quiet inquiry into the Blood Drinking experiences of the various candidates. And I shall try to pick me out a man whose soul is unscarred by being kicked, branded on the back, electric-shocked in the behind, or forced to eat imitation rotten eggs.

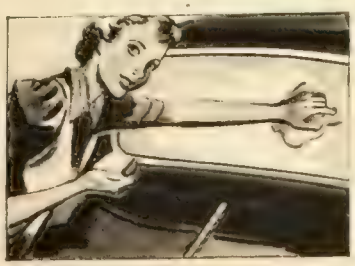
THE END

DANGER AHEAD

. . . when "oily film" clouds your windshield!

Take No Chances! Your eyes can see only as far as your windshield will let them. It's asking for trouble when "oily film" fogs the glass. To keep windshields clean and *safe*, use *Bon Ami Cake* regularly. It cleans glass quickly and easily. Leaves it *polished crystal-clear* and *free from dangerous dust-catching film.*

Bug Spots are Dangerous, too! This is the time of year squashed bugs mess up your windshield. Leave stains that are hard to get off the glass. With *Bon Ami Cake*, you can get rid of stubborn bug-spots in a jiffy . . . along with the rest of the dust and dirt. Insist on your service man using Bon Ami on your windshield.



The quick, safe cleanser for windshields

BON AMI CAKE

Keep a Cake and cloth in the pocket of your car.

Joke and Gag Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 25 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

BY HARRY HERSHFIELD
Noted Raconteur and Compiler of Contemporary Humor

Grade yourself as follows:

22 Correct	Excellent
18 Correct	Good
15 Correct	Fair
12 Correct	Passing
Under 12	Failing

1—(*a*) "Give your child a licking every day. If you don't know why, the child does"; (*b*) "Youth is a wonderful thing; it's a shame it must be wasted on children"; (*c*) "I only hit my children in self-defense." Which of these sayings is credited to George Bernard Shaw, the Chinese, and Buster Keaton's father?

2—"Why is the Fourth of July?" What is the answer and in what show was it asked?

3—A wife beater was warned by the judge that he would be sent to prison if he continued the practice. A week later the husband was again brought before the law. Before the judge could utter a word, the husband cried: "My wife and me was sitting on our porch, very peaceful. Suddenly she said, 'I know why you ain't hitting me—you're afraid of that no-good homely crook of a judge.' Well, when she said that about you, your Honor, I got up and busted her on the jaw!" Name the comedian who told that story for years and what his title was on the stage.

4—Name the toastmaster who always opens the proceedings by saying: "I'm simply the punk that starts the fireworks."

5—On what road and near what city was this much quoted real-estate sign: "If You Lived HERE You'd be Home by Now"?

6—A train leaving Chicago for New York is going ninety-two miles an hour. A train leaving New York for Chicago is going eighty-seven miles an hour. When they meet, which is the nearer to New York?

7—To cure her husband of using strong language, a wife decided to swear in his presence. After a few of her best oaths, he said: "Darling, you've got the words—but not the music." Of whom is this story told?

8—A minister was telling a story of a parishioner who fell asleep in church during a sermon, and how he dreamed of being chased by lions and tigers—and to escape them, jumped into a flaming volcano. The sermon over, the usher tried to wake the man—but he was dead. What is wrong with this story?

9—"Don't believe the theory that prizefighters are not good pickers of fighters. Why, when I fought Jeffries, as early as the second round I picked him to win." Who went around the country telling this one on himself?

10—Just as a horse thief was about to be hung, he laughed and said: "This sure will be a wonderful lesson to me." What is another version of this same joke?

11—"Hello, Frank. I thought you were dead." "There was a story around that I was dead. I knew it wasn't me as soon as I heard of it." This gag was printed in 1877. Who, since, has been widely quoted with a retort of the same thought?

12—From the same source, this argument: "I say, Pat, isn't one man as good as another?" "Of course he is—and a great deal better." What columnist, now on Information Please, said it in one line, and do you recall it?

13—"The penalty for bigamy is more than one mother-in-law." This popular radio gag was suggested by whom nearly a century ago?

14—A customer finished a sumptuous meal, including wine and cigars, then called for the manager and said: "Remember me coming into this restaurant last year and eating a big meal like this? I couldn't pay for it and you kicked me out." "Yes, I remember," replied the manager. "I'm sorry, but I'll have to trouble you again." In what show was this skit enacted?

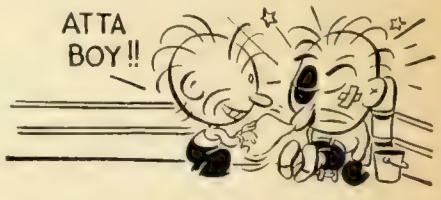
15—A general gave this order to his troops: "When the enemy gets within fifty yards of our trenches, I want you to retreat. Being a little lame, *I'm* leaving now." In what war was that told?

16—A Negro enlisted and announced that though he could ride a horse, he wanted to be in the infantry. Asked why he didn't want to go in the cavalry, he replied: "When we is retreating, I don't want to be bothered draggin' no horse along." In what war was that sprung, and in what technicolor movie short was that joke used?

17—"How is your father?" "He is sick." "He isn't sick; simply thinks he's sick—simply thinks he is." They met two months later. "How is your father now?" "Huh, he *thinks* he's dead." During what foreign celebrity's visit to America was this nifty passed around?

18—"I just bagged a lion." "You bagged a lion?" "Yes, I bagged him and I bagged him, but he wouldn't go away." What famous dialectician of musical comedy and vaudeville still gets big laughs with it?

19—"McPherson rushed into the telegraph office and sent a night letter during the eclipse." What renowned Scottish comedian told that story?



20—Max Baer pulled a gag after the second round of his fight with Joe Louis. Do you know what it was?

21—"What is the difference between the Eskimos at the North Pole and the Eskimos at the South Pole?" "The Eskimos at the North Pole say, 'Glub, glub'; those at the South Pole say, 'Glub, glub—you all!'" Who is credited with that repartee?

22—Can you unscramble these few words to form a joke? The two separate quotes contain the jumbled words forming the question and the answer: "Automobile—send—if—send—good—will — check." "Good — send — will—check—car—send—if."

23—"My son is going to marry a very ignorant woman. Thank God he'll never find it out." What renowned platitude is the basis for this outburst?

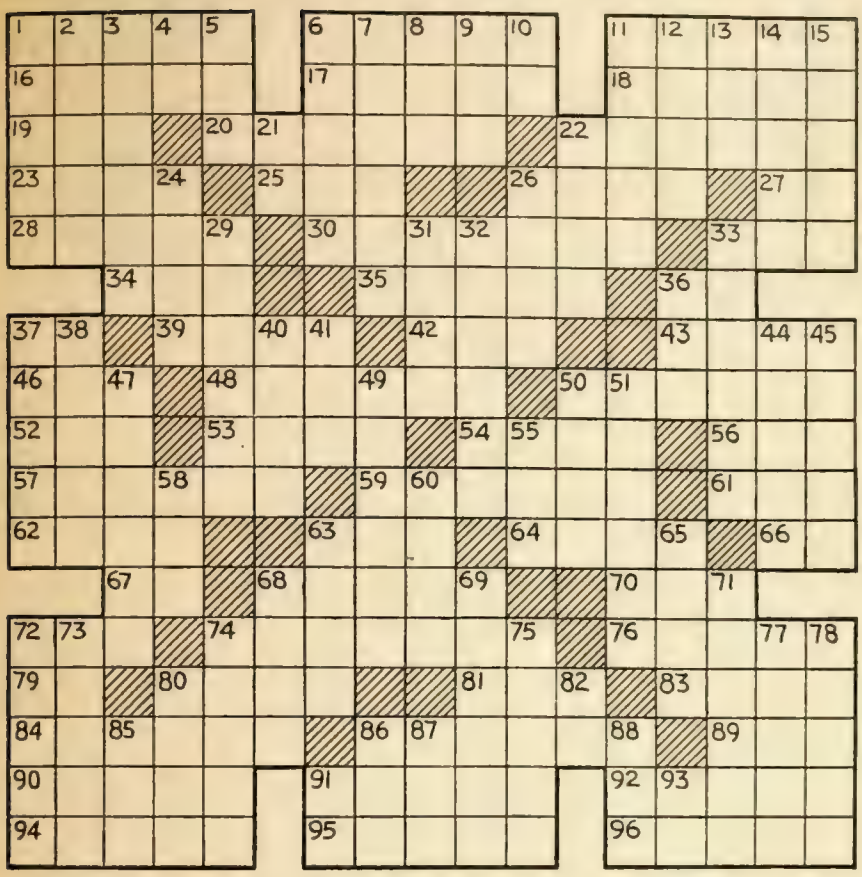
24—"What are you doing in the bread line, George? I thought you weren't allowed to eat any starchy foods." Did you hear that line on the radio, in a play, or on the screen?

25—Clancy rushed up to the bartender and cried: "Give me a big whisky before the fight starts!" The bartender gave him the drink and Clancy gulped it down. "Who is going to fight?" asked the bartender. "Me and you—I ain't going to pay for this drink!" shouted Clancy. What comedian tells that gag?

(*Answers will be found on page 59*)

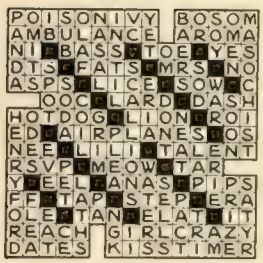
CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 Celestial body
6 Dried grass
11 Bog
16 Without company
17 Angry
18 Egg-shaped
19 Part of a bridle
20 Minority
22 Makes amends for
23 Eager
25 Color
26 Glide
27 Part of to be
28 Embankment
30 Not sacred
33 Number
34 Finish
35 Recess
36 Animal
37 Exist
39 Current
42 Fasten
43 Electrical unit of power
46 Strike
48 Butt
50 Antenna
52 Character in an Ibsen drama
53 Pertaining to the mouth
54 Wicked
56 Anger
57 Barren land
59 Deep blue
61 Call
62 Dross of a metal
63 Poem
64 Snake (pl.)
66 Like
67 Perform
68 Daub
70 Large bird
72 Article
74 Water-filled pustule



Last week's answer

76 Seashore sand heap (pl.)
79 Egyptian god
80 Hit repeatedly
81 Seed of certain fruit
83 Incline
84 Regard
86 Rhubarb compound
89 Prosecute at law
90 Feat (colloq.)
91 Rent
92 Positive pole (elec.)
94 Dispatches
95 Tree
96 Sighted

VERTICAL

1 Intrigue
2 Fruit
3 Reason
4 Printer's measure
5 Number
6 Trigonometric term (pl.)
7 Barters
8 Piece of cloth
9 Consumed
10 Pronoun
11 Engine
12 Acknowledge frankly
13 Sped
14 Beverage container
15 Region in Germany
21 Either
22 Exclamation
24 Dinge
26 Part of a chimney
29 Journalist
31 To summon to court
32 Joined
33 Kind of acid
36 Be indebted to
37 Small nail (pl.)
38 Three-legged stand
40 Small lance
41 Age
44 A Roman goddess
45 Three, at cards (pl.)
47 Horse's motion
49 Sails
50 Fruit (pl.)
51 Ran away with a lover
55 By way of
58 Personality
60 Trim
63 Leave out
65 Disease of grain
68 Bridge term
69 Rest
71 Concord
72 Lock of hair
73 Speed
74 Vegetable (pl.)
75 Circus performer
77 Evade
78 Horse
80 Curve
82 Greek letter
85 Large cask
86 Fish
87 Insane
88 Seize unexpectedly (colloq.)
91 Note of the scale
93 Negative

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

WHEN IT HURTS—

USE Laymon's ASPIRIN

Used for 15 years by millions for relief of headaches, pains, common colds. Guaranteed Pure, Full Strength. Sold from handy Counter Cards in drug and other stores. Look for the attractive Displays of Layman's Pure Aspirin in both 5c and 10c sizes. Why pay more?

16 TABLETS FOR 10¢

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

GRAY HAIR TEST FOR 10¢

Send 10c for sample to test on lock of hair. See how easy you can get wonderful new color. Damschinsky's Hair Tint sold drug stores everywhere, over 50 years, in 60c and 85c sizes. Check color desired.

☐ Blonde ☐ Medium brown ☐ Dark brown
☐ Light brown ☐ Brown ☐ Black

CARL DAMSCHINSKY, INC.
117 East 24th St. (Dept. A.) New York, N. Y.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 8334-HA Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

For RELIEF of Sunburn

Cooling, soothing MENTHOLATUM relieves sunburn quickly.

MENTHOLATUM

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

EVER taste wild honey from Arkansas? Or wild boar from Catalina Island? Or California champagne vinegar?

If not, says Lawrence Wonderling, you have three great treats coming to you. Manager-host at New York's Courtenay Club, exclusive eatorium recently opened to the public, Mr. Wonderling is an unusual epicure. He introduces us to little known culinary delights of our own Western Hemisphere. "Wonderful for chicken salad," reveals Mr. Wonderling, "is a tablespoon of champagne vinegar in a cup of mayonnaise thinned with cream." He calls our attention to *mammee* fruit from the tropical Americas, an import with which we can make the most exotic ice creams. And he puts us wise to the spiced chocolate sauce, from Mexico, that creates the gastronomic masterpiece billed as turkey *mole.*

These unusual delicacies could be available to all of us, Mr. Wonderling declares, if some more housewives would demand them. As food organizer for Pan American Airways, he learned how easy it is to transport fancy groceries by airplane. One time he had kangeroo-tail soup flown, via Lisbon and London, to feast the Australian-born singer, Marjorie Lawrence. The kangeroo soup arrived fresh as a daisy. He has *cocoglacé,* a superb coconut ice, flown to New York regularly from Honolulu. Lawrence Wonderling believes our pantries can be supplied with all sorts of delectable surprises by means of air transportation. I think he's right. I wish we all had as much *plane* shopping sense as he has.

☆ Sage words from a veteran Hollywood director: Every man becomes an actor during his summer vacation. He craves applause for his robust exercise and sporty apparel. Flatter him, ladies—and watch him love it!

☆ The richest girl in the world travels light. Doris Duke Cromwell, heiress to many millions, sets us a neat example in trans-it-wardrobe economy. With her on quick stopover trips she takes *only two* dresses; both black, both of simple cut, one for daytime, the other a floor-length number for evening. In a separate suitcase she carries an ample assortment of scarfs, collars, cuffs, short jackets, pocketbooks, turbans, shoes—all selected to harmonize. Says her wealthy political husband, James Cromwell, taught her the wisdom of globe-trotting unburdened by heavy baggage. Soviet customs officials gaped in astonishment when she visited Russia. Knowing her opulence, they expected to wade through trunks full of dazzling clothes and jewels. All she had was two hand bags. The comrades could hardly believe it.

☆ This *Chicken Batter Pie* came into my life some weeks ago at a family supper on an old Virginia farm. Afterward I invaded the kitchen and teased the cook to give us the recipe. Here it is: . . . Joint 2 young chickens; put meat in saucepan with 1 cut-up celery heart, sprig of parsley, 2 generous tablespoons butter, ½ cup water, pepper and salt. Stew gently for 30 minutes. Set the gravy aside, and remove chicken to fireproof earthenware dish—the older the dish, the better the pie! Over chicken pour a batter made with 4 eggs, 1 cup flour, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter. Bake 40 minutes in slow oven. Cook chopped giblets in the gravy; thicken slightly; serve to be ladled from a bowl onto helpings of pie.

☆ Grammar questions from a South Carolina college girl: "In newspapers," she writes, "even in big-city papers, I frequently see a queer-looking usage of the expression *to wait on.* Here's an example: They say, 'Congress waits *on* President's decision.' Shouldn't it be 'waits *for* . . .'? Now Question 2: In tough-talk stories I'm always finding this phrase: '*the* hell with' something or other. Shouldn't it be '*to* hell with . . .'?"

South Carolina, you're right both times. To wait *on* means to give service. In the example you quote it may apply sarcastically but not grammatically. And by all means *to* hell with it.

☆ Russell Doubleday's new book, Tree Neighbors, tells how to select, plant, and care for trees in your garden or around your home. (Published by Doubleday-Doran & Co. $1.75.)

☆ It's the heat, not the humidity, that brings out skeletons of dirt on our plaster walls and ceilings. Scientists have just discovered why dirt on plaster walls traces the pattern of laths and beams underneath. The warmth of the wood agitates tiny air waves that cause dust to settle on the cooler surfaces between the laths. Air conditioning will some day eliminate this, but in the meantime you can prevent the ribbed effect—now you know the reason for it—by wiping your walls too often to give the weird phenomenon a chance.

"That's my ex. He's working out his alimony."

25 ANSWERS by HARRY HERSHFIELD

to his questions on page 56

1—(*a*) Chinese; (*b*) George Bernard Shaw; (*c*) Buster Keaton's father.

2—"J" is the first, "u" is the second, "l" is the third, and "y" is the fourth of July; in the play, The Girl Question.

3—Walter C. Kelly, known as the Virginia judge.

4—Major Edward Bowes.

5—Road between Lakewood and Atlantic City, New Jersey.

6—They are both exactly the same distance from New York.

7—Mark Twain.

8—How would the minister know what the dead man dreamed?

9—James J. Corbett.

10—"The joke is on you, warden—you're hanging the wrong guy."

11—Mark Twain: "The reports of my death are greatly exaggerated."

12—F.P.A. (Franklin P. Adams): "The average man is above the average."

"The man said it would pay for itself in no time!"

13—Lord Dundreary, a character in the play, Our American Cousin.

14—Earl Carroll's Vanities.

15—Civil War.

16—Spanish-American War; the picture, Santa Anita.

17—Emile Coué's.

18—Willie Howard of the Howard Brothers.

19—Will Fyffe.

20—Max was in his corner, battered and bleeding. His manager said to him: "You're doing fine—he isn't laying a glove on you." "Then," said Max, "you'd better keep an eye on the referee, because somebody's kicking the stuffing out of me."

21—Rear Admiral Richard Byrd.

22—"Send automobile—if good, will send check." "Send check—if good, will send car."

23—"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

24—It is in the play, Separate Rooms.

25—Safer to ask, "What comedian *doesn't* tell that story?"

Do You Bathe Internally?

Thousands of enlightened Americans do take Internal Baths, and attribute their vigor and eagerness for the duties of the day to this simple water way of ridding the system of delayed waste.

A Doctor's Opinion of INTERNAL BATHING

"I have been a user and prescriber of the J.B.L. Cascade for about twenty-eight years and now I wish I could convince everybody just what Internal Bathing means in the *maintenance and preserving of good health.*"

A. L. DANIEL, M. D.
518 Altman Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

They realize that nobody is really clean whose bowel is a receptacle for a foul and putrefying mass of "delayed" material. As long as waste is allowed to linger in the colon we will be frequent victims of that half-sick, half-alive feeling. Certainly, there can be small expectation of efficiency, vitality and that feeling of well-being if one is afflicted with constipation.

It would be folly to disregard what proper living would do in the development of normal intestinal action. But until right living is universal, other means must be found to stimulate the fecal stream. It is unnecessary to make the intestinal tract a slave to laxatives or cathartics in order to cleanse thoroughly the large intestine.

What is more sensible than to use nature's greatest cleansing agent—pure warm water—to wash away delayed waste? No loss of time, uncertainty of action or social embarrassment follows the Internal Bath. You achieve immediate results. Non-habit forming, its use tends to restore the rhythmic action of normal elimination.

Do not confuse an Internal Bath with the enema. They are no more alike than a kite and an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

Investigate the merits of Internal Bathing through the use of the J. B. L. Cascade. You may find its drugless relief a godsend. It's all explained in an authoritative 24-page booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally." This helpful booklet is free. You may have a copy by filling in coupon below NOW.

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, INC.
152 West 65th Street, Dept. L-8-17
New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally".

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

NAVY WIFE PROPOSES PLAN

QUANTICO, VA.—For the past eight years I have been the wife of an enlisted petty officer in the United States Marine Corps, and as such I am not supposed to have an idea, much less be able to write it down. But very suddenly an excellent idea was born in my slightly used upper story.

Before I tell you of my brain child I shall try to tell those of you who are not familiar with service life a bit of what it's really like.

You realize, of course, that there must be discipline and a definite distinction between the officers and enlisted men of the service, just as in any other organization. However, the dividing line in the service today has become so deeply entrenched that it amounts to nothing else than a caste system. This condition has been brought about largely by the wives of the officers with their petty jealousies. It is a recognized fact that during peacetime "petticoat politics" runs the service.

Needless to say, there are many fine officers as well as many whom an Act of Congress could not make into gentlemen, and it is the latter who inspired my idea. These officers must be weeded out, or else, Mr. and Mrs. America, the entire wealth of our nation will not strengthen our defense to what it should be.

Some years ago a plan was adopted for the purpose of ridding the service of undesirable officers. This plan is the Selection Board, well known and feared by most of the officers, the exceptions being those who have married the colonel's cousin who has an in with petticoat politics. This condition has prevented the Selection Board from doing a very thorough job. But there's a way to amend this plan—and here's how.

Why not have the men vote on the officers individually? I mean, of course, the men under the individual officer's command. For who knows an officer as a superior so well as the men directly under him? These elections could be held prior to the meeting of the Selection Board and the results submitted to the board. The vote should count at least 25 per cent of the officer's rating toward his passing the board.

In order to be fair and square, a man should serve six months to a year under an officer before he could vote on the officer.

That's my plan.

It would cost the government the ballots and the ink, and it would help eliminate a weak link in what should be a strong chain in our national defense.

This plan will increase efficiency, improve the morale, make the service more democratic and also more attractive to possible recruits.

The proper training of these recruits is extremely important. The need for officers fit to train these men is great, and the situation as it is now is deplorable. Don't for one minute overlook the fact that a soldier is never a good soldier unless he respects his superior officer. After all, it's an ex-private who has destroyed the peace of the world today.

I can't tell you my name. It would probably mean the end of my husband's career in the service, and perhaps the end of me if he ever knew I wrote this letter.

Well, folks, it's up to you now!—*Ima Rebel.*

DO YOU BELIEVE THIS ONE?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—This morning I was watching our goldfish swimming around in

the clouded water, close to the surface. Its little mouth kept swelling in and out as though it wanted to breathe in some air.

I blew a smoke ring which settled on the water. Then, to my utmost astonishment, I saw the goldfish blow three perfectly formed smoke rings. Tiny as they were, they retained their shape for at least two seconds.

Rather strange—a human and a fish blowing smoke rings from the same cigarette!—*Tuck Horowitz.*

¶ "If you had your choice, what would be your last meal on earth?" asks James Farady of Schenectady, New York. "Mine would be beef stew, apple pie, and a bowl of java."

I-TOLD-YOU-SO CORNER

TUCSON, ARIZ.—Vox Pop is truly a "stick-out-your-neck" department. Nearly every letter brings either the wrath or the praise of other writers. I note, too, that they are proud to quote anybody who can qualify as an I-told-you-so.

Well, all that gives me an idea for an interesting contest for Liberty. Why not have a "stick-out-your-neck" contest—a sort of Prophets' Corner? You might pay five dollars or give medals to those who literally stick out their necks by predicting certain things that will happen in this crazy world of today.

These are momentous times, and there is so much to predict—so many ideas on so many subjects. Lots of necks would be lopped off, but lots of them would become full-fledged members of the I-Told-You-So Club.

I think man gets more satisfaction from being able to say "I told you so" than from anything else he accomplishes.—*F. T. Peterson.*

[Come on, then—stick out your neck. If it is stuck out far enough maybe we will offer rewards to the longest-necked I-Told-You-So's.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

¶ "Engineers tell us we have 700 years of labor that should be performed," says F. M. Kirkendall of Dayton, Ohio. "Why pass the buck to the generations yet unborn?"

WHEN DOES DAY BEGIN?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—May I differ with the answer given to Question No. 15 in June 29 Twenty Questions? Here I quote the Bible: "And the evening and the morning were the first day," and so on.

Is God wrong, are you wrong, or am I wrong? I prefer to believe that day starts at sundown. We can have hope in a day, for after this darkness we can hope for light, for after darkness follows light.—*L. Kissel.*

RED NAPOLEON AGAIN!

MEDFORD, ORE.—It's none of my business, but wouldn't it be a good thing to republish Floyd Gibbons' The Red Napoleon, which ran in Liberty about ten years ago? It seems to have been almost prophetic in the probable line-up about this country.—*F. J. Moffatt, M. D.*

[Weekly we receive requests to republish this story of Gibbons. Unfortunately, we cannot oblige our readers because of a crowded schedule, but suggest that they obtain the novel in its book form. And watch for its successor, coming soon in Liberty—Lightning in the Night!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

¶ "Men are polygamous!" cries Nellie Porter of Upper Darby, Pennsylvania. "Is there such a thing as winning back the love of a man if you lose it?"

MIKE UNDER THE PILLOW

HOUSTON, TEX.—The neatest trick of the week . . . that microphone that talks back under the pillow in David

Burnham's How Does It Feel? (June 29 Liberty.) Boy! I wonder how many postage stamps Mr. Farley will sell on that one!—*Alice Blue.*

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S PICTURES

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA—Thanks for the beautiful picture of our First Lady in June 22 Liberty. It seems to me that newspapers and magazines all over the country have been trying to shove Mrs. Roosevelt out of the American scene with the ugly carica-

tures that have been printed of her. She is a lovely and charming, kind and gracious lady, and I am glad that Liberty has printed one good picture of her.—*Aurora Borealis.*

¶ **"Liberty would be worth its weight in gold to me if there were only two things in it—Crossword Puzzles and the Short Short Story," declares Dora Nizzi of Des Moines, Iowa.**

DASH IT!

WACO, TEX.—In The Perfect Fist, by Jacland Marmur (July 6 Liberty), one Happy Jim Dollard was a very good

operator except the dash in his *r*'s was too long. Maybe it's me, but I was taught that *r*'s are made with dots and not dashes. Please advise if code has been changed. — *Oliver Snider* (*Ham Operator*).

A PLETHORA OF PEORIA

PORTLAND, ORE.—Fred Wamsley of Kansas City, Missouri (June 29 Vox Pop) should know mo' of Mo. and the rest of the U. S. Peoria is not only a Kansasity, but also listed in Ariz., Ill., Miss., Mo., N. C., Ohio, Okla., and, for good measure, there is a Peoria Heights in Ill.—*Phyllis Morden.*

¶ **"Hitler Youth, Soviet Youth, American Youth Congress, National Youth Administration—*youth* has become one of the ugliest words in the language," storms Martin Litton of Inglewood, California.**

WHY FLAG DAY IS OMITTED

BURBANK, CALIF.—Perhaps you will tell me why Flag Day, June 14, was omitted from the calendar covers of Liberty (January, 1939, and January, 1940). Over a year ago I wrote a protest to Fulton Oursler, who passed it on to Vox Pop, where it was ignored.—*Louise C. Harsh.*

[Several years ago we explained in Vox Pop why Flag Day and other important days are not marked on our calendar. To wit, we have to limit our choice to national holidays.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

52 HIDDEN TAXES IN BREAD?

DETROIT, MICH.—From the May 25 editorial I quote: "It may come under the head of hidden taxes, which are most clearly illustrated in a loaf of bread, for which we formerly paid five cents but which now is costing us from ten to fifteen cents."

Forty-five years ago, when we were not supposed to have "hidden taxes," I worked in a Chicago grocery and market twelve hours a day and six days a week for the *usual wage* of eight dollars a week, and I wrapped up thousands of loaves of bread weighing fifteen ounces and selling for five cents. This bread was made by the largest bakery in Chicago, which paid its bakers ten dollars a week for sixty hours' work.

Today in any one of the three chain groceries in Detroit (about two thousand stores) a better loaf of bread is sold for ten cents and it weighs *two pounds.* And the men who make this bread get thirty-five to forty dollars for a forty-hour week, with overtime if they work over forty hours.

Yet, according to the economic authority (?) Lewis Haney of New York University, there are fifty-two hidden taxes on bread today. Mr. Haney neglects to specify a single one of these "hidden taxes," and just how there could be fifty-two of them is rather strange, when the price of the bread is less than it was fifteen years ago and the wages paid are three and a half to over four times as high.

Another parroted "hidden tax" item of common use is sugar. We sold it back in 1895 for five cents a pound. Yesterday I bought ten pounds of sugar for forty-seven cents, in spite of the fifty-odd "hidden taxes."—*G. L. Barnes.*

¶ **"'Husband holding' makes me hot under the collar," proclaims Bette J. Hughes of Miami, Florida. "Why, in heaven's name, aren't some stories written about 'wife holding'—or aren't wives important enough to hold?"**

ON A MOVING SPREE?

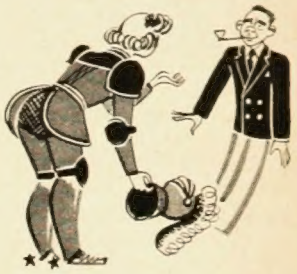
NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Please tell Mr. Steve Fisher, author of My Heart Sails Tomorrow (June 22 Liberty), that there is no road between Cristobal and Colón. Only a street. Ninth Avenue between New Cristobal and Colón. Front Street between Old Cristobal and Colón. Eleventh Street between the Y. M. C. A. and Colón.

Or have the people of that small place been on a moving spree since 1935?—*Christine Etheridge.*

IRISH BROGUE CHAMPION

POTTSVILLE, PA.—In reply to Mr. Don Dickinson, who asks (July 6 Vox Pop) if his bit of brogue is better than mine from Schuylkill County, I say:

Right you are! And, like the knights of olden times, I remove my chapeau with a sweeping gesture, bow, and say, "To you the laurels, big



boy. And come next St. Patrick's Day, I'll be glad to dance wid yez and yer friends to Potatoes and Fishes.—(*Mrs.*) *Ethel Roads Garrett.*

FORTY YEARS PROUD

KALISPELL, MONT.—I have been reading various articles by Bernarr Macfadden for nearly forty years, and with ever-increasing respect and admiration. I'm certainly proud of him! He should be bombarded by grateful readers.—*E. T. Johnson.*

"Makin' that phonograph record of us talkin' sure was a swell idea!"

Hitler at Grant's Tomb

FULTON OURSLER

DER FÜHRER was photographed the other day in front of the Eiffel Tower. He posed there, not before structural steel only. The Tour Eiffel is more than that. It is like a great finger pointing upward toward the aspirations of the French. Through liberty, equality, and fraternity—words already banished from their vocabulary—they sought to reach the heights. **GOSSIPS REPORT** that Hitler remarked to his personal photographer: "Today the Tour Eiffel. Tomorrow St. Paul's Cathedral. After that—the skyscrapers." One must distrust such tales. Probably Hitler never said it. But there is every probability that he thought it. In the splendor of his visions of conquest it is not unlikely that he tells himself he will one day be photographed on the platform of the Empire State Building, perhaps at Grant's Tomb. The thought that this modern Attila could ever ride in triumph down Fifth Avenue in New York, or Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, seems less fantastic to some Americans than to others. **THE STUDY OF HISTORY** shows that tyrants get new ideas all the time. Their vistas enlarge, their greed expands. Dictators grow by what they feed on. The dream of world domination, complete mastery of all nations, is, of course, not original with Hitler. But it is always hard for ordinary mortals to realize the temptations that must follow in the path of conquest. It was hard for ordinary mortals to believe any of the plans of Hitler as they were so often revealed in advance. And so there will no doubt be a great many people who will refuse to believe that there can be any basis in fact for the new novel which begins in Liberty next week called Lightning in the Night. **THIS NOVEL TELLS** the story of the invasion of the United States. Not only in its theme and treatment is it unusual, but also in the nature of its authorship. The introduction to this story, which will appear next week, is written by Edward Hope. The main body of the narrative is by Fred Allhoff, but associated with Mr. Allhoff will be a group of other authors, specialists in many diverse fields, including General Robert Lee Bullard, Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and others who are working closely with Mr. Allhoff. His picture of embattled America, attacked on the east by the Germans, on the south by Mexico, and on the west by Japan, will be founded on a logical basis. **THE FALL OF BOSTON**, the capitulation of Providence, the investment of New London and New Haven, the attack on New York, the capture of Washington and the burning of the White House, the retreat of the government to the interior at Springfield, Illinois, burial place of Abraham Lincoln, and the struggle of the last democracy against the tyrants of Europe are only a few of the high lights from this imaginative story. Beside Lightning in the Night, The Red Napoleon will seem like a tale told to children in the nursery. In the years since Floyd Gibbons' novel of the invasion of America was published in Liberty there has scarcely passed one week in which some correspondent has not asked us to publish it again. But the world has altered since then. Today there are flame throwers and tanks, armadas of the air, fifth columnists, and all the devilish new technique of war as the Germans wage it. That this war can come to the United States is possible—as you will readily be convinced when you read Lightning in the Night. **WHY, YOU MAY ASK,** is it called Lightning in the Night? That is a quotation from the leader of the German people. In one of his speeches, Adolf Hitler said: "Unlike Mussolini, I would spring like lightning in the night and hurl myself on the enemy." Here, concentrated in a phrase, is Hitler's logic and Hitler's method. Here, too, in a few words is the danger that lies in the skies over the Atlantic—today a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, tomorrow a reality—unless we so arm ourselves that Hitler will leave us alone. **WHY DOES LIBERTY MAGAZINE** enter into this apparently fantastic exploration of the future—this guess at the shape of things to come? The great need in this country today is no longer rearmament only. The leaders of the country have seen that danger and now are acting heroically to prepare against it. But the need for impassioned patriotism remains. There was a spiritual lack somewhere in the armies of France. German soldiers, arms locked together, marched joyously to death because they were spiritually armed for a cause in which they believed and to which they gave the last full measure of devotion. That it was a rotten cause, a cause destructive to all nobility and goodness in the human heart, does not change the fact of their complete immolation. **ABOUT A YEAR AGO** I spent a memorable three hours at a luncheon with Dr. Alexis Carrel. The great scientist shocked me by saying that in his opinion Hitler was invincible. "Why?" I asked. "Because he has love on his side," replied Carrel. "Hitler has love on his side?" I repeated incredulously. "Yes," said the scientist. "Hitler loves Germany. Perhaps he only loves himself and identifies himself with Germany, but that does not matter. The point is that he loves his country with such passion, such concentrated zeal, that he draws to himself unknown forces that work with him and strengthen him. The opposition to Hitler is all negative. Until Frenchmen love what they have, until Englishmen and Americans love what they have as much as Hitler loves Germany, they cannot prevail against him. We need to love democracy as Hitler loves tyranny." **THAT IS THE SPIRIT** in which Lightning in the Night was conceived and is being written. The story will show to you not only what could happen here but also why this country is worth living for and dying for. Again I am reminded of a tea party one afternoon in Shanghai when Mayling Soong (Madame Chiang Kai-shek) said to me, "We Chinese have learned much from the West, but there is something you Americans can learn from us. You have comfort, you have luxury. Here we have discomfort and poverty. But we have a faith that we will not give up. We know we are going to be attacked, and soon. When that time comes we shall never surrender. We have something worth dying for. Do you Americans feel that way? Are you willing to give up your comfort and your luxury and face misery and pain and death for what you believe in?" **THERE WAS A LOT** of truth in what this great lady said. We of the democracies have been softened by ease and luxury. We have been better off than any other people in the world. Now we find it hard to believe that anything much could happen to us. Thank God there is still time for us to wake up. Time while the tyrant is not at our gates, the bombs not yet falling on our wives and children. Time to make ready. Lightning in the Night is published to show not only the danger to but the glory of what we have, this dear America, this sweet America, this free America, to which we can dedicate all our devotion. With love of home, of family, of freedom, we too shall become invincible and remain, in the midst of a world turned into an erupting volcano, the ark and sanctuary for all that is good, all that is noble, all that is decent, to be kept safe until the madness passes and mankind, under God, can go back to work.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST 17, 1940

EDITORIAL

How Long? Oh, Lord!! How Long? Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Every Girl's a Story..Julian Street 10
Cinderella in Reverse.Royal Brown 42
Romance--Liberty's Short Short S. Gordon Gurwit 52

SERIALS

Who Killed This Woman?—Part IV Harriette Ashbrook 17
The War Days of Queen Elizabeth —Conclusion.....Mavis Cox 29
My Love Affair with Mussolini—Part II.....Magda Fontanges 36

ARTICLES

A Program for National Defense Lt. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard 7
Hollywood Divorce..Ann Sheridan 15
Can India Be Defended? Mahatma Gandhi 25
The Tennis Racket—Can It Be Broken Up?.....John R. Tunis 27
Why Crooks Win Elections Frederick L. Collins 49
The Gentle Art of Torture Morris Markey 53
Joke and Gag Quiz Harry Hershfield 56

FEATURES

Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 34; Crossword Puzzle, 57; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 58; Vox Pop, 60.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

Speaking of lasting Crispness

Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or canned fruits.

Snap! Crackle! Pop!

● Who says breakfast can't be an event? Spring Kellogg's Rice Krispies on your family tomorrow and watch everybody pitch in!

Youngsters go for their distinctive snap! crackle! pop! as they float on milk or cream. It tells of amazing crispness . . . the kind that lasts to the final spoonful. Grown-ups rave about their rich, tantalizing goodness . . . utterly unlike any other cereal you ever tasted before.

You see, Rice Krispies are flavored according to a unique Kellogg recipe. Then they're "popped" in ovens and toasted carefully to a tempting, golden-brown.

Only premium-quality, American-grown "Blue Rose" rice is good enough for Kellogg's Rice Krispies. And you can be sure they'll always be crisp. Kellogg's exclusive inner-wrap sees to that! It's "Waxtite" heat-sealed at *both* top and bottom.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

Sensational offer! Attractive, nursery-rhyme wall plaques in gorgeous colors. Proper size for grouping. Six different subjects. See back of Rice Krispies package.

KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES

"OVEN-POPPED" Rice Krispies float for hours in milk or cream. "Rice Krispies" is Kellogg's trademarked name (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) for oven-popped rice.

Copr. 1940 by Kellogg Company

Actual color photograph—Dewey Huffines chants "Sold American!"—and Luckies get another pile of ripe, golden leaf!

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine

Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies' finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!

Here's the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands ★—less than any one of them.

This fact is proven by authoritative tests which have been confirmed from time to time by independent laboratories.

You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content—then buy it up.

The result—a cigarette of finer tobaccos—mild and mellow, with a naturally lower nicotine content.

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Company

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through March 1940, Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.02 parts per hundred—averaging 9.82% less nicotine content than Brand A; 21.09% less than Brand B; 15.48% less than Brand C; 3.81% less than Brand D.

With men who know tobacco best—it's *LUCKIES 2 TO 1*